HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 1664.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.
TEN CENTS A COPY. WITH A SUPPLEMENT.

Copyright, 1888, by HARPER & BROTHERS. All Rights Reserved.

MARY ANDERSON.—[SEE PAGE 850.]

"A year's subscription to HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE secures a juvenile library."—*Boston Advertiser.*

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *enters upon its Tenth Volume with the number for November 6th. The volume opens with the first part of a story entitled*

NELS THURLOW'S TRIAL,

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE,

with a spirited front-page illustration by ALICK BARBER.

Other stories in this number are "The Little Misses Jansen," by ISABEL J. ROBERTS, *"The Young Head of the Family," a Chinese folk-lore tale, by* MISS ADELE M. FIELDE, *a missionary at Swatow, China (with an illustration by a Chinese artist), and the sixteenth instalment of "Uncle Peter's Trust."*

Among the illustrations are "At Your Service," by J. G. BROWN, N.A., *and "The Mother," after the etching by* HUBERT HERKOMER.

A SUPPLEMENT *contains "Recent Studies of the Intelligence of Birds," by* CHARLES C. ABBOTT, M.D., *author of "Upland and Meadow," etc.; and "At Loose Ends," by* MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

A specimen copy sent on application.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ELECTION.

THE result of the election will be known when this paper is issued. Like the recent campaigns, it has ended with a "sensation." The SACKVILLE letter corresponds to the MOREY letter in 1880, and the BURCHARD remark of 1884. The importance which is attached to such incidents shows the general belief that a national election might be decided by an accident, in which event the result could not be regarded as a verdict of the country upon a great policy of administration. The question of this canvass, for instance, has been simple and definite: Shall the surplus be reduced by diminishing the tariff taxes on necessaries and raw materials? But if the SACKVILLE letter should be supposed to have defeated Mr. CLEVELAND, the election would not signify preference of a policy of high protection, but jealousy and dislike of England. The party trick which elicited the letter, like the proved forgeries and falsehoods about English views of American policy, the enormous sums of money raised for the campaign, the desperate appeals to the "Irish-American vote," the large Republican saloon vote for Governor HILL in New York, the DUDLEY scheme for buying the vote of Indiana, and the general tone of the Republican campaign, show how radically the party has changed. One family known to us of original, sturdy, antislavery Republicans, in which there are five votes, three of which go to CLEVELAND and two to FISK, is but an illustration of the change.

It is a poor compliment to American intelligence, and not a powerful argument for popular elections, to suppose that Dr. BURCHARD's remark or Lord SACKVILLE's letter could really determine an election or seriously influence votes. The SACKVILLE letter was an astounding blunder for the writer, and an indiscretion which his Government can hardly overlook. But in itself it was a simple and natural letter, and except for the fact that the writer was the English Minister, it was inoffensive. It spoke the truth in saying that any party which openly favored England would lose popularity, and that the President, while upholding the position he has taken in regard to the fisheries, would probably manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question. But, however true, the English Minister ought not to have written it. Lord SACKVILLE was cozened in a manner which seems incredible for a diplomatist of long experience. The MULLIGAN letters of Mr. BLAINE did undoubtedly and righteously influence decisively the result in 1884. But it is inconceivable that the SACKVILLE letter should affect the vote of any intelligent American. This is so evident that the trick to obtain the letter shows the wish to secure under false pretences the stupid and ignorant vote, with the intention, if the result of the letter should favor the party of the tricksters, to claim the election as a demand of an intelligent people for high protection.

The most mortifying aspect of the campaign has been the Republican effort to carry the election by arousing ill feeling toward England. It is humiliating that Americans should attempt to place the country in an attitude of such abject subservience to the opinion of another country that it might determine an election. The effort shows that Americans are believed by those who resort to it to have lost one of the best qualities of Englishmen, their sturdy self-reliance. It would be interesting to see those who have been loudly denouncing the SACKVILLE letter as a gross outrage upon the American people calling the writer of the MULLIGAN letters to direct the national policy. Meanwhile it is pleasant to recall upon election day the fact that the Electoral Count Bill, which has been passed since the last Presidential election, has removed all occasion for apprehension arising from a doubtful result of the vote of the country. All questions which may arise are first to be settled in the States. But if objections are raised in the count by Congress, the Houses are to consider them separately, and no lawfully certified return is to be rejected except by a concurrent vote, and if more than one return be offered, that only shall be counted which the Houses concurrently decide to be regular. This compels every State to settle all questions on peril of losing its electoral vote. Whatever the result of the election may be, HARPER'S WEEKLY will judge the Administration which will take office on the 4th of March not by any partisan standard, nor with any partisan purpose, but solely upon its merits, and by the principles and purposes which the WEEKLY believes should control the government. Such independence is the growing spirit of the American press, and it is a spirit which cannot lower the character of American politics.

THE CAMPAIGN BUGBEAR.

WHEN the President's message was sent to Congress, a Republican leader exclaimed, "It is free-trade, and we have 'em!" This became at once the Republican campaign cry. Until the appearance of the SACKVILLE letter all other questions and appeals were postponed in the determined effort to persuade the country that the President's platform meant free-trade, and that free-trade is the ruin of American industry, and a stealthy blow aimed by "the South" and the "rebel brigadiers" and the "disloyal States" at the welfare of the nation which they could not destroy. This assertion has been reiterated with resolute pertinacity. On every stump the alarm has been raised that there was a new sectional attack upon the Union, and there has been the most unremitting effort to startle the country and to inflame sectional passion by vehement appeals to ignorance, and by every device of misrepresentation. But when the advocates of an extreme tariff have been asked to return to the pending question, which is not that of free-trade, but of the best practicable provision against the industrial, political, and social dangers of an enormous surplus, the reply has been made that if free-trade be not now proposed, it is the principle of the present proposition, and if the MILLS bill should be approved by the people, the monster would reveal his real nature, and as undisguised free-trade spring at the throat of the hapless country. Mr. REED, of Maine, followed by a host of orators, cited passages from the speeches of Mr. MILLS and other advocates of his bill to show that they were at heart free-traders, and that logically the bill must be regarded as the opening wedge of that direful policy. It was quite enough to say in reply that if the speeches of these gentlemen prove that they are opposed to the principle of protection, the speeches of LINCOLN, SEWARD, CHASE, and SUMNER, the fathers of the Republican party, showed that they were radically hostile to slavery. But however they might have rejoiced in constitutional emancipation, they did not propose it, and however the President, under certain circumstances, might delight to see all obstruction removed from trade, he has not recommended such removal.

Free-trade, whether just and reasonable or not, is not the policy of any party in this country. The universally accepted policy of all parties is that the revenues of the government shall be derived from the duties on imports, and ex-Secretary MCCULLOCH's lucid statement of his own view in his recently published, entertaining, and valuable *Men and Measures of Half a Century* is an admirable description of the position of the President and his friends.

"A tariff for revenue cannot be so framed as not to give all the protection which is needed to enable our manufacturers, with their superior aptitude in the invention and use of machinery, and with most of the raw materials at hand, to compete successfully in the markets of the world with foreign manufacturers and their cheaper labor."

But while free-trade is not an issue, the tone in which it has been denounced, as if it were in itself a monstrous and unpatriotic policy, is absurd. It will certainly not be the policy of this country until there is a great change in public sentiment. But it is nevertheless true that the principle is approved as that of the wisest policy by the greatest masters of political economy, and by the wisest and most patriotic American statesmen. ADAM SMITH based his view upon observation and experience. His general principle is a simple statement of the essential American principle of fair play. It is, in the words of his biographer, "that the most effectual plan for advancing a people to greatness is to maintain that order of things which nature has pointed out, by allowing every man, as long as he observes the rules of justice, to pursue his own interest in his own way, and to bring both his industry and his capital into the freest competition with those of his fellow-citizens." There is nothing in such a principle which is shocking to a thinking man or to a genuine American, and nothing is more comical than to depict a man who holds it in this country as a skulking conspirator against the common welfare. President GARFIELD said, "I am for a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade." Mr. WEBSTER said, "I think freedom of trade to be the general principle, and restriction the exception." Mr. CLAY said, "In the origin of the protection policy it was never supposed by me or by others of its friends, as far as I know their views, that it was to be permanent." Mr. JOHN SHERMAN says, "Every advance toward a free exchange of commodities is an advance in civilization."

These are all free-trade views. But these gentlemen were not recreant Americans, nor rebel brigadiers, nor wild visionaries, nor students of maxims not of markets bent upon ruining American industries, nor were they in the pay of the Cobden Club. They held these views to be essentially sound, but they all supported a protective tariff. They were statesmen, and they recognized the necessity of conforming action to the situation, of which public sentiment is a vital element. It would have been as foolish to denounce them for plotting the overthrow of American interests as it is to denounce Mr. CLEVELAND for cherishing the same fell and insidious purpose, which is the merest buncombe to carry an election. There is not one of the authorities whom we have quoted—GARFIELD, WEBSTER, CLAY, and among the living JOHN SHERMAN—who would not acknowledge the truth of the President's remark, "The existence of such a system [protection] is entirely consistent with the regulation of the extent to which it should be applied." Mr. CLEVELAND may or may not agree with GARFIELD in favoring a protection which leads to ultimate free-trade. If he does, he agrees with many of the wisest statesmen, living and dead. But whether he does or not, he proposes now, not free-trade, but the diminution of tariff duties in order to reduce a surplus which Republicans agree should be reduced. There is nothing covert, specious, or dark in his recommendation. It is supported undoubtedly by those who hope that some day the country will adopt a free-trade policy, and by those who do not believe such a policy to be practicable or desirable, but who know that the suggestion of tariff revision is not a snare, and that if it should be adopted it would lead to no further reduction unless experience and the wisdom of the country should approve it. If in order to reduce the surplus the country should decide to diminish the average rate of the tariff tax, it would not follow that it must or would decide to abolish it altogether. The rate of the tax has been changed a dozen times, and the election of Mr. CLEVELAND would be a tolerably plain expression of the popular wish that it should be changed again.

AMERICAN FEUDALISM.

THE address recently delivered in Chicago by Mr. LUCIUS B. SWIFT, of Indianapolis, before the Union League Club, upon the parties and civil service reform, is one of the most earnest and impressive speeches of the campaign. Mr. SWIFT is a firm and devoted friend of reform, who supported Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 in the hope both of his persistence and his courage in the good work. But the President's course has disappointed him so deeply that he now supports General HARRISON, and his address is in part a searching but perfectly seemly arraignment of what he holds to be the Executive abandonment of reform. But whatever the justice of his judgment of the President, Mr. SWIFT shows clearly, what has so long been the conviction of every man who has studied the subject carefully, that the great and chief obstruction to reform is Congress. Against the plain and known intent of the Constitution, without the slightest warrant either in the word or in the purport of the fundamental law, members of Congress in both branches have usurped the power of appointment, until the whole system of more than a hundred thousand offices, with emoluments amounting to seventy millions of dollars, and a vast scheme of public contracts and opportunities, are virtually under their absolute control. This usurpation has created a new feudalism of over-lords and under-lords and henchmen, which practically has taken political control from the people.

This theme Mr. SWIFT treats and elaborates in detail with a weight of evidence and a force of statement which are very striking. Its essential truth cannot be doubted. "If ever this free people," said ABRAHAM LINCOLN, when in the midst of his tremendous cares he saw the utter meanness and falsity bred by our system of party patronage—"if ever this free people, if this government itself, is ever utterly demoralized, it will come from this wriggle and struggle for office." It is peculiar to no party. In an ascending scale from the Democratic administration of JACKSON, through the Whig and Republican epochs, the evil has advanced and multiplied. In the campaign now ended the Republican National Committee, assuming that Republicans spared in the proscription owe their places not to their fitness or good service, but to the party of which they are mere henchmen, have assessed them for the benefit of the party, with an intimation that the money promptly paid would serve as a lien upon the

place in the event of Republican success. Mr. SWIFT says that the Pension Office in Indianapolis, with sixteen clerks, of whom one was a Republican, was assessed $600. The Democrats were urged by the chief clerk to pay. For reasons which are obvious it was agreed that each clerk should pay two and a half per cent. of his salary. This was paid to the chief clerk in envelopes which he had distributed marked with the name of each clerk.

This is not only a shameful outrage, but it is a violation of law. It was of this infamous practice that Mr. CLEVELAND said, before his election in 1884:

"The system of levying assessments for partisan purposes on those holding office or place cannot be too strongly condemned. Through the thin disguise of voluntary contribution this is seen to be naked extortion, reducing the compensation which should be honestly earned, and swelling a fund used to debauch the people and defeat the popular will."

There is no paper better fitted than the address of Mr. SWIFT to awaken public attention or to stimulate public action against the tyranny of the spoils system. We do not know the grounds of his faith that General HARRISON, should he be elected, would have the courage and independence to cope with the organized power of his party in Congress and in the country—a contest to which no President of any party has yet shown himself equal. But in any effort that he might make to that end he would have, as every President has had since the question was first practically agitated, the hearty sympathy and honest support of all sincere friends of reform.

THE FOLLIES OF A WEEK.

THE last week of the campaign is always full of alarms and "revelations" and "exposures" of the proposed crimes and tricks and frauds of the other party. This year, besides the real incident of the SACKVILLE letter, which we have considered elsewhere, there were various startling rumors and announcements put forth to disturb the public nerves and to hide little designs of those who published them. Thus we were apprised that on the morning of election day the statement of the sudden death of Judge THURMAN was to be "sprung upon the country." Also damning proof of the disloyalty of one of the Republican candidates was to be submitted to an astounded nation. There was a bold Democratic plot announced to "steal the State of New York." There was a nefarious but happily discovered Republican scheme proclaimed to fill the city with Pennsylvania repeaters. It was declared to be a ludicrous spectacle which was presented by such Democratic leaders as WILLIAM H. BARNUM, ARTHUR P. GORMAN, and EDWARD MURPHY, Jun.—names synonymous with all that is corrupt and debasing in politics—when they talked of Republican plots to defeat the will of the people. It was asserted to be laughable to hear such Republican managers as JOHN J. O'BRIEN, BARNEY BIGLIN, and JOHNNY MCCLAVE, notorious political traders, solemnly averring that there would be an honest election. Every morning of the last week brought the pleasing assurance to every Democrat and every Republican that his candidates were already practically elected, the Constitution secure, and the country happily saved.

These, however, were familiar devices. But the novelty of this year was the hysterical announcement, in double leads, capitals, and italics, that a large number of voters would be disfranchised from sheer inadequacy of polling accommodations; in consequence of which the most frightful civil convulsions might be anticipated, in which the foundations of society would probably disappear. This was indeed a prize revelation. The Governor was conjured to summon the Legislature and avert social chaos, and the entire community was described as pale and quivering with apprehension. But these ingenious stage effects in the last week are always "discounted." In the old almanacs the sagacious editor used to cover the calendar for July and August with the warning, "About this time expect thunder-storms." So in the last week of the campaign every sensible American knows that about this time he is to expect double leads, capitals, and every form of typographical hysterics.

Meanwhile, if an unprecedentedly large registry should result in a vote so greatly increased as to render polling difficult within the legal period, every voter who is present could rightfully claim that his vote should be received, even after the hour for closing, upon the ground that the law could not be construed to deny the right of any voter to deposit his ballot. The case would be governed by the same common-sense which rules in the case of misspelling a candidate's name or omitting an initial. The honest intent would prevail, and the Legislature would amend the law to provide for a similar contingency. A Presidential election is exciting enough in itself, and does not need factitious stimulation. Fortunately, however, the public anticipates it, and the effort is generally futile. The public good sense is aware that neither party monopolizes honesty or public spirit.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" FOR 1889.

THE November number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE ends the seventy-seventh volume. The great success of this first of truly popular magazines in the modern sense (which is very different from that of the old *Penny Magazine*), and the continuity of its success—for HARPER'S is more successful to-day than ever before—is one of the striking facts in American literary history, and justifies the glowing words of its announcement for 1889.

The November number and the Christmas issue which will follow it are characteristic illustrations of the variety and interest and beauty of the MAGAZINE. It is not the least of its praises that in a literary epoch which is sensational to a degree which sometimes touches the utmost verge of propriety, HARPER'S is, as it has always been, especially and in the happiest sense, a home magazine. It has survived many changes of the popular literary taste, but it has never been discarded or outgrown in popular favor. This is due chiefly to the extraordinary tact of its management—a tact which comprehends such changes as we have mentioned, and which discerns the quality of permanence and endurance in such a work. This tact, however, to accomplish its purpose, must be supplemented by constant, untiring, unremitting editorial observation and industry, sustained by unstinted liberality of expenditure, to secure both the articles by the writers desired and profuse illustrations of the highest excellence, themselves showing the astonishing advance of the peculiarly American art of wood-engraving.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE is not a mere purposeless miscellany of entertainment. But with all the charm of miscellany and entertainment it is a monthly exposition of the time in its various aspects of industry, art, travel, discovery, literature, science, invention, yet so conducted as never to be partisan, sectarian, or sectional, but always, and distinctively, and in the best sense, American. During the next year Miss CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON and CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER will contribute serial stories, and General LEW WALLACE, the author of *Ben-Hur*, a drama. The studies of the Great West will be continued. Mr. WARNER will treat of Canada, Mr. LAFCADIO HEARN of the West Indies, Mr. BJÖRNSON will contribute Norwegian studies, and other papers upon Russia, by Viscount de VOGÜÉ, will follow. Tangiers and Morocco, India and Smyrna, in illustrated sketches, will join that endless procession of articles of travel which has been passing with constant charm through the seventy-seven volumes of the MAGAZINE. Other papers upon timely topics will accompany these, and the especial art work of the year will be SHAKESPEARE'S comedies illustrated by ABBEY, with text furnished by ANDREW LANG. There are many forms of Christmas gifts. But could more, and more various, and constantly recurring, pleasure and profit be given to young or old, or for an outlay so small, as HARPER'S MAGAZINE for a year?

A TITLE OF HONOR.

American Notes and Queries recently answered the question of the origin and significance of the word Mugwump. In its original form, *mugquomp*, it belonged to the dialect of the Algonquin Indians, and appears in ELIOT'S translation of the Bible into Indian (Cambridge, Massachusetts, 1661) as a rendering of the Hebrew word signifying leader, and again as centurion (which would authorize its appropriation by the famous Century Club of New York). The *Notes and Queries* says that a Jesuit father, perplexed to translate into Indian the sentence "not to think more highly of himself than he ought to think," consulted an Indian parishioner, who said at once, "Mugwump." It adds that it has heard of a petition presented to PETER STUYVESANT, signed by an Esopus chief, which bore his title, Mugwump. The word, according to the *Notes*, lingered along the Long Island shore and the Massachusetts coast after the Indians had vanished, in the sense of a man who thought himself of consequence. Mr. KEENAN, editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, found the word in New England in 1872, and used it in the head-line for an article treating of a big-wig in local politics; and in March, 1884, it was applied by the New York *Sun* to a person interested in some local issue at Dobbs Ferry, calling him "Mugwump D. O. BRADLEY."

We remember seeing a similar application of the word in a report of political affairs in Connecticut at about the same time in 1884. A little later, immediately upon the nomination of Mr. BLAINE, a protest of Republicans was made in Boston which developed into the independent movement. The bolters were dubbed Mugwumps in derision. They were much too sensible not to accept the name, which, as indicating conscientious independence in politics, has become a title of honor.

THE GIFT OF DANIEL HAND.

THE American Missionary Association has received from Mr. DANIEL HAND, of Clinton, Connecticut, a noble gift of one million of dollars, to be devoted to the education of the colored people in the Southern States. Dr. STREEBY, the secretary of the Association, in presenting the gift, said that it was the largest public gift ever bestowed by a living person upon any benevolent society in the country. Mr. HAND is now eighty years of age, and made his fortune in the Southern States, mainly in Augusta, Georgia, and Charleston, South Carolina. When the civil war began he returned to the North, where he has since resided. All his immediate family have been long dead, and he has been nursing his property with the purpose of consecrating it to some benevolent use.

The conditions of the fund are simple. The Association is to invest the money as it thinks best, and the expenditure of the income is limited to one hundred dollars a year for any individual, which may be paid either to him or to the school. A scholarship of seventy dollars, together with industrial work, will support a colored or Indian pupil at Hampton Institute for a year, so that the provision of the HAND fund is adequate for its purpose.

The humane spirit of such a gift is one of the strongest bonds of national union, and the gift itself is addressed to an object of the most vital importance. The race problem in the Southern States is one which cannot be safely neglected, and which in its bearing is not limited to any part of the country. But whatever its wisest solution may be, the one indispensable thing is that the colored people shall be educated. Self-respect comes with mental and moral enlightenment, and whoever contributes to it effectively is not only a benefactor, but a patriot.

"ANNIE KILBURN" AS AN ARGUMENT FOR TEMPERANCE.

ONE of the chief merits of *Annie Kilburn*, which is characterized by Mr. HOWELLS'S peculiar dainty grace of style, is its strong temperance teaching. As a rule, the novel which in inferior hands starts out to preach total abstinence, either directly or inferentially, wrecks itself on the lee shore of homiletics. But Mr. HOWELLS is too finished an artist to be dull or didactic. There is not a line of preaching or prosing in *Annie Kilburn*, but there is such an object-lesson as one seldom finds in fiction. The brilliant lawyer, doomed to be always second-rate because of that morbid appetite of which he is perfectly aware, the devotion of his wife, of his friend, of the child whose crippled limbs are forever a mute reproach to the father's heart, preaches a sermon which cannot be overlooked. And we have never seen presented a stronger argument than incidentally we find here against social drinking usages.

THE TILDEN LIBRARY.

THE first decision in the TILDEN will case is favorable to the will. There will be an appeal taken probably to the General Term, and then to the Court of Appeals, and it will be fortunate for the city if the noble intention of Mr. TILDEN shall be sustained, and the magnificent free library built. The opposition is based upon no public grounds, and rests upon technicalities, which it is to be hoped may be set aside. In his decision Judge LAWRENCE says:

"In construing this will we must presume that the testator intended to make a legal disposition of his estate, rather than a void or illegal one, and it is the duty of the court to give to the language used by the testator such a construction as will make the instrument or limitation legal or valid, if it can be done in harmony with well-settled rules, with the manifest intent and adjudicated cases, rather than such construction as will render it illegal and nugatory."

In accordance with the spirit of the old rule that the Constitution in regard to human rights must be construed in favor of liberty, he holds that the will must have the benefit of doubts. The decision is reasonable, not forced, and in harmony with the known purposes of the testator. It would be a great misfortune if those purposes should be frustrated, and the public lose the advantage of the wise bequest. The library would be not only a memorial of Mr. TILDEN, but another signal monument of that munificent liberality for educational purposes which may be called distinctively American.

PERSONAL.

LORD SACKVILLE, then the Hon. LIONEL SACKVILLE-WEST, succeeded Sir EDWARD THORNTON as British Minister to the United States in October, 1881. In No. 1297 of the WEEKLY, dated October 29, 1881, will be found a portrait of the now celebrated diplomatist who fell so easy a victim to the craft of the mythical MURCHISON.

—An American lady will probably be mistress of the British Legation at Washington, for a short time at least. By the dismissal of Lord SACKVILLE, First-Secretary EDWARDES would have become acting Minister. He is absent, however, and the honor falls to Mr. MICHAEL HERBERT, second secretary, who is about to marry Miss BELLE WILSON, of this city.

—Governor BLAKE, of Newfoundland, has been appointed Governor-General of Queensland, the place recently made vacant by the death of Sir ANTHONY MUSGRAVE, a son-in-law of DAVID DUDLEY FIELD, of this city. A salary of $25,000, and emoluments which are said to be enormous, have made the office one of the most desirable in the gift of the British government.

—The chromo idea entered into politics at Newport, Rhode Island, this week, Mr. LORILLARD SPENCER, Chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, having offered an elaborate silver cup to the Democratic club of the ward which shows the largest increase in its vote for CLEVELAND over that cast four years ago. On the other hand, the Republican matrons and maids of the city fried a ton of doughnuts with which to bait the political organizations that put in the "rousements" for HARRISON and MORTON there the other evening.

—General HARRISON shook hands with from 70,000 to 100,000 people during the recent campaign.

—Probably the oldest voter in the United States at the last election was GEORGE HUBBARTH, of Mapleton, Indiana, 104 years old, and a Democrat.

—P. T. BARNUM'S quadrennial offer to sell his Bridgeport (Connecticut) property at a twenty-five per cent. discount from present prices if CLEVELAND and a Democratic majority in both Houses of Congress are elected, when accompanied by the statement that he has recently invested $100,000 in South Carolina real estate, seems to have been made for buncombe. The old showman's instinct for a free advertisement is evidently unimpaired.

—Miss ALICE DRAPER STOCKTON, of Wheaton, Massachusetts, the equal rights party's late candidate for Governor in the Bay State, is described by a susceptible reporter as "beyond question the handsomest and most magnetic candidate that ever was nominated for any office in the world." She was born twenty-six years ago in Hong-Kong, where her father represented a prominent American house, and is the mistress of a large fortune and many accomplishments.

—W. M. GRISWOLD, who is connected with the State Department at Washington, and has compiled indices to many periodicals, American and European, has on his list an *Index to* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *from* 1857 *to* 1887, which is a valuable aid in consulting the files of the WEEKLY. The system is excellent and clear, and the Index itself, although full, is not bulky, for much information is given by typographical devices which take up no space and suggest their meaning at a glance. Mr. GRISWOLD is a Harvard man.

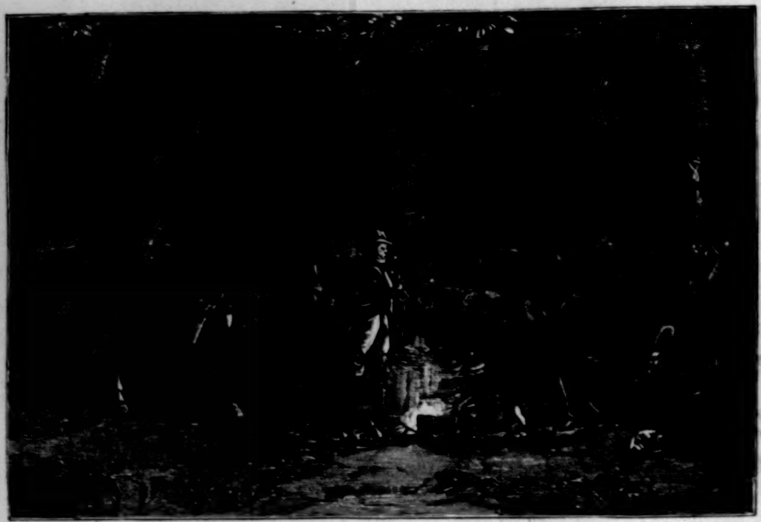
—American women have been granted patents at the rate of two a week, so far, this year.

—Mrs. NATHAN APPLETON, of Boston, is at the head of a movement to raise funds for a statue of WASHINGTON, to be presented to the French government by the women of America. The President and Mrs. CLEVELAND have promised to lend their aid to the cause.

MAIL-COACH BOGGED ON THE PLAINS.

SWIMMING CATTLE OVER A RIVER.

BRUMBIG (WILD HORSE) HUNTING ON THE MOONY, QUEENSLAND.



CATTLE DROVERS' CAMP.

INTERIOR OF A WOOL SHED IN THE SHEARING SEASON.

SKETCHES IN THE "BACK" COUNTRY, AUSTRALIA.

THE HOME OF THE AUSTRALIAN COW-BOY.

The incident of coach travelling shown in the sketch is by no means an uncommon one. There are no made roads, nothing but a track through the bush, and during the wet season some places are so soft that the coach sinks in right up to the bed, and it has to be unloaded before it can be extricated. The passengers, especially if ladies, have anything but a good time of it standing in the pouring rain, up to their ankles in mud, and perhaps miles from any house.

Swimming cattle over rivers and creeks is another incident in cattle driving, and requires a good deal of judgment on the part of the head drover, or he may chance to lose some of his beasts unless he chooses a good place. Sometimes it is very hard to get them to take the water, so that a steep place is generally chosen, like the one shown in the sketch.

Some parts of the country are overrun with large mobs of wild horses, and to clear the runs of them trap yards are erected, with long wings in the shape of the letter V. The yard is generally placed jn a clump of scrub, so as to be out of sight of the horses until they are nearly in it and have no chance of breaking back. Five or six men usually go out together, and when a mob of brumbigs (wild horses) are found, they turn them in the direction of the yard, one man at a time taking the running, and the rest helping in turns as the horses of the first, second, and so on, get tired. Sometimes the wild horses are killed; at others, partly broken in and sent away for sale.

In sending cattle from the stations in the central parts of the colony to the markets on the coast they have often to travel hundreds of miles before reaching the railway to truck them to the coast. They are generally sent in droves of two or three hundred at a time, and as the yards are few and far between, the drovers have to camp them at night. The men take turns to watch the cattle, keeping a horse ready, in case they try to rush off the camp if frightened. The sketch shows the camp just after the men have had their supper. One is taking it easy on his blankets; the other is lighting his pipe before going on watch. After a week or two on the road, most of the cattle get so used to camping that they give very little trouble. In good seasons when the grass is plentiful it is not hard work, but in very dry weather or in flood times it is very rough and unpleasant.

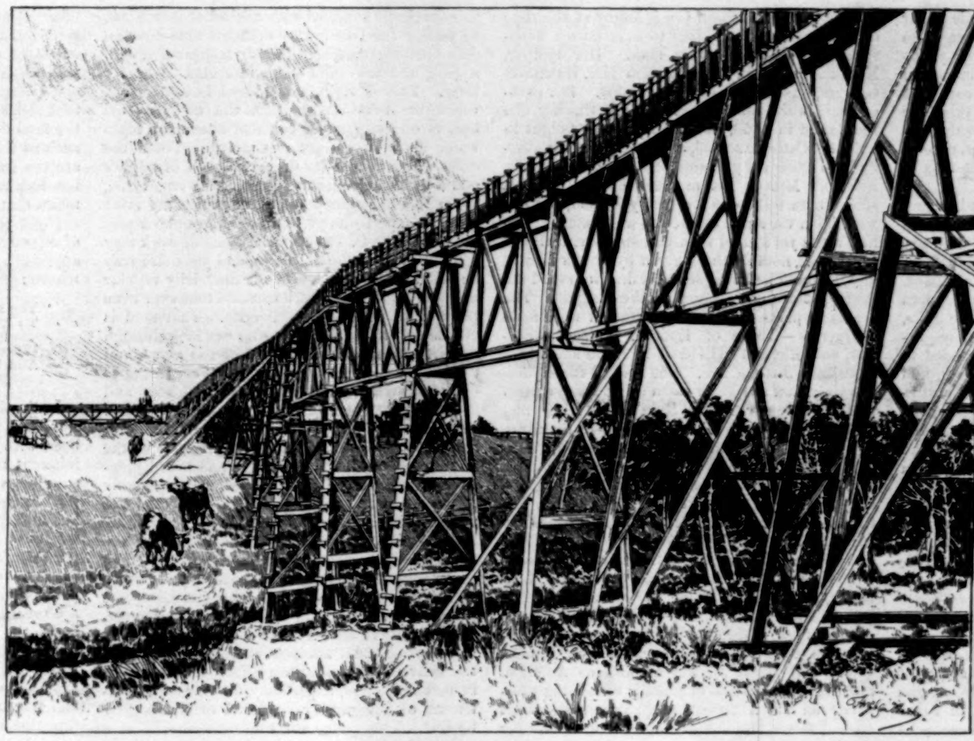
One of the largest industries in New South Wales is sheep farming. On some of the stations there are ninety to a hundred and fifty thousand sheep shorn every year. The sketch shows a section of the shearing floor and rolling tables. Some sheds have from forty to fifty shearers, besides wool rollers, classers, boys for picking up the wool from the floor, pressers, yardmen, musterers, overseers, and rouseabouts, in all amounting to a good many hands. At the back of the wool table are the sheep waiting to be shorn. Behind each shearer is a small door which leads to a separate pen; into this every man sends his own sheep after shearing them, and here the overseer counts them and gives each man his tally.

A PLANTATION IN HAWAII.

How many who drop a lump of sugar into their coffee or tea in the morning know anything of the strange life, the strange world, that produces that lump? To the million or so New-Yorkers who rush along Broadway, New York is the world; yet the little lump of sugar they use in the morning comes from another world, so different is it from the world of civilization.

The Louisiana sugar plantations still retain much of their *ante bellum* interest, but they cannot compare with the plantations on the Sandwich Islands, the largest of which is that of CLAUS SPRECKELS, on the island of Maui. The plantation of the Khedive of Egypt, which is the second largest plantation in the world, yields annually five thousand tons of sugar. The SPRECKELS plantation has yielded as much as fourteen thousand tons in one year; the average yearly yield is from six to eight thousand, or several thousand tons more than the highest yield of the Khedive's plantation.

On the island of Maui stands the great volcano Haleakala, ten thousand feet high, with a crater thirty miles in circumference. Twenty miles away, on the opposite side of the island, is a series of high mountain-peaks that are almost eternally wrapped in clouds. It is in the valley between Haleakala and the cloud-wrapped peaks that the twenty-eight thousand acres of the SPRECKELS plantation are spread; and it is the presence of the high volcano and the mountain-peaks that makes it possible to convert the twenty-eight thousand acres into green cane fields; for without the water obtained from the mountain-tops much of the valley would be an arid desert. The rainfall in the valley is meagre and uncertain, but on Haleakala and on the green, moss-covered peaks the atmosphere is saturated with cloud and mist. Water trickles down from a thousand springs, which are made to serve man's needs by irrigating land twenty miles away. The flumes leading from the mountain springs to the plantations in the valley are merely plank troughs four feet wide by about three feet deep. They are carried through tunnels, over deep gulches, along high trestles, until the valley is reached. There the water is emptied into canals or ditches, and so conducted to the fields. The planks of which the flumes are constructed are all brought from the forests of California and Oregon, three thousand miles away. This fact, together with the cost of erecting trestles, digging tunnels, etc., makes the item of irrigation an expensive one. The flumes leading to the SPRECKELS plantation are upwards of forty miles in length. Some of the neighboring plantations pay as much as $10,000 a year for the privilege of tapping them and using only a small portion of the water.



A WATER-FLUME.

The ditches into which the flume water is emptied traverse the plantation in every direction, crossing and intersecting each other as they carry water to the cane, which otherwise would wither and burn under the fierce tropical sun. The expense of importing the lumber from America is not the main item of flume-building, as heavy as that expense is. It costs thousands of dollars to keep the flumes and ditches in order. The head "ditch-minder" on the SPRECKELS plantation is paid $115 a month and furnished a horse and board besides. His twenty assistants receive each $60. In addition to these, large gangs of temporary employés are frequently needed to stop leaks or make other repairs. I once saw a gang of about twenty men and women galloping up and down in the ditches. The women had their gowns tucked up. One had a tin can in her hand from which she was feeding a puppy as she galloped along, splashing the water right and left. These Kanakas were having a jolly time riding, and getting therefor a dollar a day. They are employed to ride in the irrigating canals in order to knead, as it were, the bottom of the ditch and prevent the water from leaking away. The planters say that the soil is a mixture of sand and clay, and that the tramping of the horses' hoofs kneads the sand and clay into a mixture that prevents to a great extent the water's seeping away into the earth. The natives are fond of horseback exercise; those who are paid merely to ride about plantations splashing water are the happiest of mortals.

The SPRECKELS plantation on Maui is on so vast a scale that the methods in vogue on Louisiana plantations would be entirely inadequate. The huge steam-ploughs that go bowling over the miles of fields on Maui turn over more ground in a day than the ordinary ploughs on other plantations turn in a week. With oxen it would take a month to bring to the mills the cane that the SPRECKELS plantation railroads bring in a single day. Forty miles of railroad traverse the fields, and four locomotives with long trains of cars transport the cane to the mills. In addition to the regular lines of railroad, sections of portable track are thrown in various directions as needed. The gauge is three feet, each section fifteen feet long, the rails held together by three iron ties, one at each end of the section and one in the middle. Long trains of cars are loaded with these sections of track, and when a field not reached by the permanent road is to be cleared, the portable track is unloaded from the cars and laid direct to the cane that is to be cut. A gang of Chinamen can quickly throw a mile or two of this track in any desired direction, thus enabling the cane to be brought by rail to the mills from the most remote parts of the plantation. On some of the southern islands of the Hawaiian group, where water is more abundant, the cane is floated from the fields to the mills in flumes. These methods save over the usual way of hauling by ox teams at least three dollars a ton in the cost of producing sugar. When the train reaches the mills the cane is unloaded from the cars directly into the roller machines. They grind the cane, expressing sixty-five per cent. into juice. A second set of powerful rollers takes the partially denuded cane and expresses an additional twelve per cent., making a total of seventy-seven per cent. The actual per cent. of juice contained in the cane is eighty-eight, but all over seventy-seven, or at most seventy-eight, is lost, the most powerful rollers being unable to squeeze the cane perfectly dry. Of the seventy-seven per cent. of juice actually expressed, nineteen per cent. is sugar. Thus, 1000 pounds of cane yields 770 pounds of juice, which in turn yields 147 pounds

LAYING A RAILROAD TRACK IN THE CANE FIELDS.

CANE-SUGAR CULTURE IN HAWAII.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. J. WILLIAMS.

of crude sugar. In polarizing the crude sugar there is a further loss of about three per cent., so that the thousand pounds of cane finally yields only 142 pounds of pure sugar. This is packed into sacks and dumped into the same cars that brought the cane from the fields; but this time the track is laid, not to the fields, but to the seashore, half a mile away, where are anchored fleets of white-sailed vessels ready to carry the tons of sweetness to far-off America.

Of the fourteen hundred men required in producing the six to ten thousand tons of sugar on the SPRECKELS plantation, only one hundred are Caucasians. The rest are a mixture of Japanese, Chinese, South Pacific Islanders, and Hawaiians. The hundred whites direct the thirteen hundred colored laborers, manage the railroads, the mills, the water-flumes, in short, do everything requiring any brains. Civil engineers are needed to construct the railroads and build bridges, and skilled carpenters to make houses and water-flumes; these, together with the wheelwrights, machinists, sugar-boilers and "lunas" (overseers), are all white men, and get good wages. The head engineer of the steam-ploughs receives $175 a month, with board and a pleasant cottage. Carpenters for flume-building are paid $60 and board. The Japanese and Chinese laborers who lay the portable track receive from $14 to $16 a month, without board, but with an allowance for fuel equivalent to about two cents a day.

It is not improbable that a few years hence may see the Maui Valley returned to its former barren condition. Mr. CLAUS SPRECKELS, after several years' research and experiment, has recently announced his confidence in the ability of California to grow sugar-beets. He already has under way works for the production of sugar from beets, and if the attempt proves successful—as competent judges say it will—the importation of Sandwich Island sugar will gradually lessen and finally cease altogether. Without America for a purchaser, the flumes and railroads and busy mills I have described will be like Othello—their occupation gone. Hawaii's best and almost only market will be lost, and her chief industry destroyed.

The Sandwich Island planters affect to believe the California sugar-beet scheme a mere "bluff" on the part of Mr. SPRECKELS; close observers, however, can detect the uneasy feeling that prevails and that has already begun to check further ventures in Hawaiian sugar plantations. In a year the California beet-sugar works will be in operation; not until then can it be decided whether the people on the Pacific coast will produce their own sugar or continue purchasing it from the planters in Hawaii.

LEE MERIWETHER.

MARY ANDERSON.

THIRTEEN years ago, on November 25, 1875, an audience was assembled in one of the theatres of Louisville, Kentucky, to see "the first appearance upon any stage" of "a young lady of Louisville," who was announced to play SHAKESPEARE'S Juliet. This young lady was in fact a girl in her sixteenth year, who had never received any practical stage training, whose whole education had been comprised in five years of ordinary schooling, whose observation of life had never extended beyond the narrow limits of a provincial city, who was undeveloped, unheralded, unknown, and poor, and whose only qualifications for the task she had set herself to accomplish were the impulse of genius and the force of commanding character. She dashed at the work with all the vigor of abounding and enthusiastic youth, and with all the audacity of complete inexperience. A rougher performance of Juliet probably was never seen, but through all the disproportion and turbulence of this effort the authentic charm of a great and beautiful nature was distinctly revealed. The sweetness, the sincerity, the force, the exceptional superiority and singular charm of this nature could not be mistaken. The uncommon stature and sumptuous physical beauty of the girl were obvious. Above all, her magnificent voice—copious, melodious, penetrating, loud and clear, yet very soft and gentle—delighted every ear and touched every heart. The impersonation of Juliet was not highly esteemed by judicious hearers; but some persons who saw that performance felt and said that this "young lady of Louisville" would be heard of again; that a new actress had risen, and that a great career had begun. Those prophetic voices were right. This "young lady of Louisville" was and is MARY ANDERSON.

It is seldom in stage history that the biographer comes upon such a character as that of MARY ANDERSON, or is privileged to muse over the story of such a career as she has had. In many cases the narrative of the life of an actress is a narrative of talents perverted, of opportunity misused, of failure, misfortune, and suffering. For one story like that of Mrs. SIDDONS there are six like that of Mrs. JORDAN. For one name like that of CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN or that of MARY ANDERSON there are six like that of LUCILLE WESTERN or that of MATILDA HERON—daughters of sorrow and victims of trouble and distress. The mind lingers, accordingly, impressed and pleased, with a sense of sweet personal worth as well as of genius and beauty, upon the record of this representative American woman, as noble as she is brilliant, as exemplary and lovely in her domestic life as she is beautiful, fortunate, and renowned in her public pursuits. The exposition of her nature, as apprehended through her acting, constitutes indeed the principal part of her biography. Aside from this the little that there is to tell could be told in a few sentences.

MARY ANDERSON is a native of California, born at Sacramento, July 28, 1859. Her father, CHARLES JOSEPH ANDERSON, who died in 1863, aged twenty-nine, and is buried in Magnolia Cemetery, Mobile, Alabama, was an officer in the service of the Southern Confederacy at the time of his death, and he is said to have been a handsome and dashing young man. Her mother, MARIE ANTOINETTE LEUGERS, now MRS. HAMILTON GRIFFIN, was a native of Philadelphia. Her earlier years were passed in Louisville, whither she was taken in 1860, and she was there taught in a Roman Catholic school, and reared in the Catholic faith under the guidance of a Franciscan priest, ANTHONY MILLER, her mother's uncle. She left school before she was fourteen years old, and she went upon the stage before she was sixteen. She had while yet a child seen various theatrical performances, notably those given by EDWIN BOOTH, and her mind had been strongly drawn toward the stage under the influence of these sights. The dramatic parts that she first studied were male characters — those of Hamlet, Wolsey, Richelieu, and Richard III.—and to these she added SCHILLER'S Joan of Arc. She studied these parts privately, and she knew them all and knew them well. Professor NOBLE BUTLER, of Louisville, gave her a little instruction in English literature and elocution, and in 1874, at Cincinnati, CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN said a few encouraging words to her, and told her to persevere in following the stage, and to "begin at the top." The late Mr. GEORGE VANDENHOFF gave her a few lessons before she came out, and then followed her début as Juliet, leading to her first regular engagement, which began at Barney Macaulay's Theatre, Louisville, January 20, 1876. From that time to this she has been in continual practice of the dramatic art, never in a stock company, but always as a star, and her name is now famous throughout Great Britain as well as America. She had eight seasons of steadily increasing prosperity on the American stage before she went abroad to act, and she became a favorite all over the United States. She has filled three seasons at the Lyceum Theatre, London (from September 1, 1883, to April 5, 1884; from November 1, 1884, to April 25, 1885; and from September 10, 1887, to March 24, 1888), and her success there has surpassed in profit that of any American actor that ever appeared in England. She revived *Romeo and Juliet* with great splendor at the London Lyceum on November 1, 1884, and she restored *A Winter's Tale* to the stage, bringing forward that comedy on September 10, 1887, and carrying it through the season by her superb acting of Hermione and Perdita. She has made several tours, invariably prosperous, of the English provincial theatres, and has especially established herself as a favorite actress in fastidious Edinburgh, critical Manchester, and impulsive but exacting Dublin. The repertory with which she has gained fame and fortune includes Juliet, Hermione, Perdita, Rosalind, Lady Macbeth, Julia, Bianca, Evadne, Parthenia, Pauline, The Countess, Galatea, Clarice, Ion, Meg Merrilies, Berthe, and the Duchess de Torrenueva. She has incidentally acted a few other parts, Desdemona being one of them. Her distinctive achievements are in the field of Shakespearian drama. This year she has adopted into her repertory two plays by TENNYSON, *The Cup* and *The Falcon*. This, in outline, is the summary of her public life and labors; but this brief record can but faintly signify the resources of mind, the personal charm, the exalted spirit, and the patient, strenuous, wisely directed, and unremitting toil that lie back of her achievements and explain and justify her success.

Aspirants in the field of art are continually coming to the surface. In poetry, painting, sculpture, music, and in Acting—which involves and utilizes all those other arts—the line of beginners is endless. Constantly as the seasons roll by, these essayists emerge, and as constantly, after a little time, they disappear. The process is sequent upon an obvious law of spiritual life—that all minds which are conscious of the art impulse must at least make an effort toward expression, but that no mind can succeed in the effort unless, in addition to the art impulse, it possesses also the art faculty. For expression is the predominant necessity of human nature. Out of this proceed forms and influences of beauty. These react upon the mass of mankind, pleasing an instinct for the beautiful, and developing the faculty of taste. Other and finer forms and influences of beauty ensue, civilization is advanced, and thus finally the way is opened toward that condition of immortal spiritual happiness which this process of experience itself prefigures and prophesies. But the art faculty is of rare occurrence. At long intervals there is a break in the usual experience of stage failure, and some person hitherto unknown not only takes the field but keeps it. When GARRICK came out as the Duke of Gloster, in the autumn of 1741, in London, he had never been heard of, but within a brief time he was famous. "He at once decided the public taste," said MACKLIN; and POPE summed up the victory in the well-known sentence, "That young man never had an equal, and will never have a rival." TENNYSON'S line furnishes the apt and comprehensive comment—"The many fail, the one succeeds." MARY ANDERSON in the present day has furnished the most conspicuous and striking example, aside from that of ADELAIDE NEILSON, to which it is possible to refer of this exceptional experience. And yet, even after thirteen years of trial and test, it is still doubtful whether the superlative excellence of this remarkable woman is entirely comprehended in her own country. The provincial custom of waiting for foreign authorities to discover our royal minds is one from which many inhabitants of America have not yet escaped. As an actress, indeed, MARY ANDERSON is probably more popular than any player on the American stage excepting EDWIN BOOTH; but there is a difference between popularity and just and comprehensive intellectual recognition. Many actors get the one; few get the other.

Much of the contemporary criticism that is lavished upon actors in this all too exigent period—so bountifully supplied with critical observations, so poorly furnished with creative art—touches only upon the surface. Acting is measured with a tape, and the chief demand seems to be for form. This is right, and indeed is imperative, whenever it is certain that the actor at his best is one who never can rise above the high-water mark of correct mechanism. There are cases which need a far deeper method of inquiry and a far more searching glance. A true critic, when this emergency comes, is something more than an expert who gives an opinion upon a professional exploit. The special piece of work may contain many technical flaws, and yet there may be within it a soul worth all the "icily regular and splendidly null" achievements that ever were possible to proficient mediocrity. That soul is visible only to the observer who can look through the art into the interior spirit of the artist, and thus can estimate a piece of acting according to its inspirational drift and the enthralling and ennobling personality out of which it springs. The acting of MARY ANDERSON, from the first moment of her career, has been precisely of the kind that needs this deep insight and broad judgment on the part of those who would thoroughly recognize and rightly estimate its worth. Yet few performers of our day have been so liberally favored with the monitions of dulness and the ponderous patronage of self-complacent folly.

Conventional judgment as to Miss ANDERSON'S acting expresses itself in one statement—"she is cold." There could not be a greater error. That quality in Miss ANDERSON'S acting—a reflex from her spiritual nature—which produces upon the conventional mind the effect of coldness is in fact nobleness, superiority, distinction, the attribute of being exceptional and of standing by herself. This judgment that she is cold is a resentful judgment, and is given in a spirit of detraction. It proceeds from an order of mind which can never be content with the existence of anything above its own level. "There is," said Iago, speaking of Cassio, "a daily beauty in his life which makes me ugly." These detractors do not understand themselves so well as the wily Italian understood himself, and they do not state their attitude with such precision; in fact they do not state it at all, for it is unconscious with them and involuntary. They see a being unlike themselves, they vaguely apprehend the presence of a superior nature, and this they resent. The favorite popular notion is that all men are born free and equal, which is nonsense. Free and equal they all are, undoubtedly, in theory, in the eye of the law. But every man is born subject to heredity and circumstance, and whoever will closely investigate his own life will perceive that he never has been able to stray beyond the compelling and constraining force of his own character—which is his fate. All men, moreover, are unequal. To one human being is given genius; to another, beauty; to another, strength; to another, exceptional judgment; to another, exceptional memory; to another, grace and charm; to still another, physical ugliness and spiritual obliquity, moral taint, and every sort of disabling weakness. To the majority of persons nature imparts mediocrity, and it is from mediocrity that the derogating denial emanates as to the superior men and women of our race. A woman of the average kind is not difficult to comprehend. There is nothing distinctive about her. The poet WORDSWORTH'S formula, "Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles," comprises all that is essential for her existence, and that bard has himself precisely described her in a grandfatherly and excruciating couplet as

"A creature not too bright and good
For human nature's daily food."

Women of this sort are not called "cold." The standard is ordinary, and it is understood. But when a woman like MARY ANDERSON appears in art, whose life is not ruled by the love of admiration, whose nature is devoid of vanity, who looks with indifference upon adulation, whose head is not turned by renown, whose composure is not disturbed by flattery, whose simplicity is not marred by wealth, who does not go into theatrical hysterics, and offer that condition of artificial delirium as the mood of genius in acting, who above all makes it apparent in her personality and her achievements that the soul can be sufficient to itself and can exist without taking on a burden of the fever or dulness of other lives, there is a flutter of vague discontent among the mystified and bothered rank and file, and we are apprised that she is "cold." Such coldness is vastly refreshing, and one can but wish it were more prevalent.

What are the faculties and attributes essential to great success in acting? A sumptuous and supple figure that can realize the ideals of statuary; a regular and mobile countenance that can strongly and unerringly express the feelings of the heart and the workings of the mind; eyes that can awe with the majesty or startle with the terror or thrill with the tenderness of their soul-subduing gaze; a voice, deep, clear, resonant, flexible, that can range over the wide compass of emotion, and carry its meaning in varying music to every ear and every heart; intellect to shape all the purposes and control all the means of mimetic art; deep knowledge of human nature; delicate intuitions; the skill to listen as well as the art to speak; imagination to conceive a character in all its conditions of experience; the instinct of the sculptor to give it form, of the painter to give it color, and of the poet to give it movement; and, back of all, the temperament of genius—the genialized nervous system—to impart to the whole artistic structure the thrill of spiritual vitality. MARY ANDERSON'S acting has shown these faculties and attributes, and therefore it is right to hail her as a great actress. Those observers who have realized her poetry of soul and the moral majesty and the isolation of mind that she continually suggests must feel this judgment to be true. Such moments in her acting as that of Galatea's mute supplication at the last of earthly life, that of Juliet's desolation after the final midnight parting with the last human creature whom she may ever behold, and that of Hermione's despair when she covers her face and falls as if stricken dead, are the eloquent, the absolute, the final denotements of genius, and in these and such as these—with which her work abounds—are the fulfilment of every hope that her acting has inspired and the vindication of every encomium that ever it has received.

Eight years ago, when writing upon the acting of Miss ANDERSON, the present essayist quoted as applicable to her those lovely lines by WORDSWORTH:

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her, and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

In the direction of development thus indicated she has steadily advanced. Her affiliations have been with grandeur, purity, and loveliness. An inherent and powerful tendency toward classic stateliness has increased in her more and more. Characters of the statuesque order have attracted her imagination—Ion, Galatea, Hermione—but she has not left them soulless. In the interpretation of passion and the presentation of its results she has revealed the great truth that her perceptions discern those consequences which are recorded in the soul, and in comparison with which the dramatic entanglements of visible life are inexpressibly puny and evanescent. Though living in the rapid stream of the social world, she has dwelt aloof from it. She has thought deeply, and felt and suffered much, and both in mental direction and individual experience she has taken the pathway of intellectual power, of majesty, and therefore of loneliness. It is not perhaps surprising that the true worth of such a nature should not at once be widely apprehended. Minds that are self-poised, stately, irresponsive to human weakness, unconventional, and self-liberated from allegiance to the commonplace are not fully and instantly discernible, and may well perplex the smiling glance of frivolity. But they are permanent forces in the education of the human race, and they will abide. Next week Miss ANDERSON acts at Palmer's Theatre (late Wallack's), presenting Hermione and Perdita, and it seems not inappropriate, in offering to the public her portrait and these commemorative remarks, to say that this distinguished actress returns to her own country no longer a child to be petted nor a beginner to be instructed, but a master of her art, and one of the most intellectual and original women of her time.

WILLIAM WINTER.

CAP'N 'SANDER'S "WRASTLE."

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

CAP'N 'SANDER HACKETT sat with his old crony Cap'n Laban Kent on some mackerel barrels on the canning-factory wharf. They had been ship captains both, and had seen the world in their day, and they still had a keen interest in so much of its flotsam and jetsam as could be picked up from the factory wharf, but they had virtually retired into the realms of philosophy. An interchange of mild speculation, some piquant differences in the matter of recollection (which might have threatened their ancient friendship if Cap'n Laban's acerbity had encountered anything less mollifying than Cap'n 'Sander's good-nature), and the evolving of simple philosophies from their experiences served to pass the long days. The mild melancholy of reminiscence was apt to be flavored with a dry humor, and the philosophies, although somewhat pessimistic, especially in rheumatic weather, never lacked a certain grim good cheer. Altogether Cap'n 'Sander and Cap'n Laban enjoyed life to a degree which is perhaps uncommon with philosophers, and when, on a day which was after their own hearts, with the sea cheerfully sparkling at their feet and the sky serenely smiling overhead, and with a September air to breathe which tingled, even in old veins, like wine—when on such a day as this Cap'n 'Sander's face wore a heavy shadow, it was natural enough that Cap'n Laban, after making various delicate efforts at consolation (even going so far as to admit that Cap'n 'Sander might be right as to the date at which the *William K. Peavey* encountered the tidal wave off the South American coast), should be driven to inquire, point-blank, "What ails ye, 'Sander?—what in nater ails ye this delightsome day?"

The office of consoler usually fell to Cap'n 'Sander, who was of a more rotund habit of body, and, as generally follows, of a more optimistic habit of mind, than the other; and having once begun, Cap'n Laban seemed to find a satisfaction in turning the tables, and became righteously severe.

"The rheumatiz can't be a-grippin' ye, certain, with this west wind a-blowin'; and ye hain't heard no bad news from Caddy, hev ye? I don't calc'late but what Caddy can look out for herself; and there's M'randy's temper a-mellerin'—you said so yourself only yesterday; and your bank dividend and your pension reg'lar as clock-work, and no layin' awake nights; and the four back teeth you've got left bein' opposite to one t'other, two and two; and, I vum! what you've got to be down-hearted about with such blessin's as them—"

"'Tain't any such things as them that's a-wearin' on me, Laban—'tain't any such things as them," repeated Cap'n 'Sander, with mournful shakings of the head. "I've got a terrible wrastle ahead of me, Laban; that's what it is that's took hold of me so—a terrible wrastle, and I don't know as I can stand it. I 'most expect I shall get overthrowed."

"Laud o' mercy!" ejaculated Cap'n Laban, leaning forward to survey his old friend, his faded blue eyes narrowed with curiosity. "You hain't

goin' to have false teeth? nor speak in meetin'? nor have your picture took? nor go a-visitin'?" Cap'n Laban was evidently searching his own experiences for deeds sufficiently desperate to come under the head of "wrastles."

"No, 'tain't none of them, Laban. It's worse than any of 'em."

Although his sadness was unfeigned, it was evident that Cap'n 'Sander was not without a mild satisfaction in the curiosity which he excited. The infirmity of his friend's temper made it somewhat hazardous to prolong this, however, and he hastened to say:

"It's something I'm a-goin' to try to do for Caddy's sake. You know there ain't nothing I wouldn't do for her sake—nothing in nater. I vum if this ain't clean *out* of nater; but I'm a-goin' to try it! You don't understand the feelin's of a father, Laban; and it ain't to be expected that you should, bein' a bachelder."

Cap'n Laban emitted a slight contemptuous ejaculation. The superiority which Cap'n 'Sander assumed on account of his marital experience was particularly offensive to him. He was apt to retaliate by referring to the far wider and more important experiences of a man who, like him, possessed a wooden leg. It was only his strong curiosity to know what was coming which induced him on this occasion to let such a remark pass unanswered.

"Seein' Caddy's my only child, and the daughter of my old age, I don't expect but what my feelin's is different and stronger than common; in fact I know they be. I can put up with sorrers and afflictions, but when it comes to hevin' her feelin's hurt, seems as if 'twas more than I could stand; and when it's me that hurts 'em, why, I *can't* stand it, no matter how much of a wrastle I have to go through with."

"Land sakes! how have you been a-hurtin' of Caddy's feelin's? Has she been a-wantin' the moon for a bosom-pin, and you hain't clim up and got it? Folks does make fools of themselves about their children, even the sensiblest is apt to; and there's Joe, my nephew Joe, that's more to me than most folks' sons is to 'em—and sons is more than daughters—it stands to reason that they be—I don't expect folks would b'lieve how near I've come sometimes to makin' a fool of myself about him. I guess there hain't no need of your worryin' about what you hain't done for Caddy."

"I've give her a real good eddication, and it wouldn't have made no difference if I'd had to scrimp myself ten times as much to do it; 'twa'n't never nothin' but a pleasure to think I was goin' without so's't she could have more. And she hadn't no need to keep school 'thout she was a mind to. I wanted to keep her to home, only 'twas so kind of dull for her with her aunt M'randy's tic-doloroo and all. Sometimes I've been sorry she ever did go over there to Pinkham. She was always sensertive, Caddy was; and now she seems to feel everything about us and our ways that ain't jest what they'd ought to be more'n what she used to. And there's some friends a-comin' home with her 'long about Thanksgivin' time, I expect. There's a doctor that she's wrote about consid'able—"

"I've been expectin' that nobody here to Plumport wouldn't be good enough for her," said Cap'n Laban.

"'Twould have suited me if she and Joe had fixed it up betwixt 'em; 'twould have suited me first-rate," said Cap'n 'Sander, with a sigh.

"I don't calc'late that Joe will have to go a-beggin' for a wife," said Cap'n Laban. "But I've always set by Caddy, and that's a fact," he added, more gently. "If there ever was a hand to read you the news out of a paper—"

"Ain't she, now?" exclaimed Caddy's father, his care-worn face brightening. "Seems as if she clapped her eyes right on to it, and never made a miss, while I might be searchin' and searchin'. That's eddication—and nater too. She's jest like Cl'rissy."

Cap'n Laban uttered an audible sniff, trying, however, with a better prompting, to repress it. He had never approved of Cl'rissy. She was a self-reliant and opinionated spinster who had married Cap'n 'Sander (that was the way in which his friends put it) when he was past fifty. She had achieved the reputation of keeping the gentle captain well under her thumb; she held strong views as to the duty of husbands to stay at home evenings, and his old companions were quite deprived of the captain's society. When she died, five years after her marriage, Cap'n 'Sander was inconsolable, and every year had added virtues to her memory, until now there was no grace possible to humanity which he did not attribute to Cl'rissy. Cap'n Laban had scanty patience with these illusions, but he had never but once permitted himself to go beyond a sniff by way of remonstrance. On the single occasion when he had frankly expressed a scepticism concerning Cl'rissy's perfections, the grieved astonishment on his friend's face touched even Cap'n Laban's tough old heart.

"Caddy is sensertive about consid'able many things," pursued Cap'n 'Sander, "but seems as if her most sensertive p'int was grammar."

"*Grammar!*" echoed Cap'n Laban, in a bewildered tone.

"It puts her out that I don't speak c'rect. It morterfies her afore folks. It seems hard enough that I hain't got riches for her, as she'd ought to have, 'ithout morterfyin' her afore folks. She don't say much, for fear of hurtin' my feelin's, but I can see jest how she feels, and it's more'n I can stand. So, Laban, I know jest what a wrastle it's goin' to be, but I'm goin' to learn grammar!"

Cap'n Laban was evidently the prey of an astonishment too deep for words.

"You must be a-failin', 'Sander—you surely must be a-failin'. Grammar! What good in nater is grammar goin' to do ye? Are ye goin' to school 'long of the youngsters, and recite what is nouns and verbs to the school-marm?"

"I'd do that if I couldn't learn no other way: there ain't nothin' I wouldn't do, Laban. What I'm afraid of is that I can't get hold of grammar nohow, bein' so kind of slow and forgetful. Caddy she's told me I ought to say *isn't* instead of *ain't* as much as a thousand times, but yet I keep a-sayin' *ain't*. And when you mean *there ain't nothin'* you'd ought to say jest contr'ywise somehow. I hain't fetched it yet, but mebbe I shall. The worst of it is, there don't seem to be no connection between grammar and talkin' c'rect. Anyhow there ain't in the first part of the grammar, but I expect when I've learnt it by heart right straight through, if so be that I can, then I shall talk c'rect."

Cap'n Laban was buried in thought. "You *didn't* have a 'cademy eddication; now did you?" he said, arousing himself suddenly. "There wa'n't a school in the country like Day's Academy, where my folks sent me. They was thorough on grammar, I can tell you. I don't know as I should have spoken c'rect if it hadn't been for that, for I can't say as I was ever one to think much about it, though some folks says that grammar comes by nater, like spellin'. I don't know as ever I noticed but what you spoke as grammatical as I do; but now you mention it, I *can* see a difference."

"I don't expect there's nobody so lackin' in grammar as what I be," said Cap'n 'Sander, humbly. "But Caddy she's terrible pertikeler. I don't know but what she could pick flaws in the minister's grammar. She don't think nothin' of the way your Joe speaks."

"Our Joe?—our Joe that's been to college?" exclaimed Cap'n Laban, in angry amazement. "Well, I vum! I don't know what she does want, if she can't put up with Joe's grammar. Why, he's eddicated in all the forun languages."

"His grammar don't suit Caddy," insisted Cap'n 'Sander. "She was laughin' and laughin' one day because he said he'd got *all het up* a-chasin' his horse."

"Well, I can't see what fault she could find with that, and I guess I learnt grammar thorough enough at Day's Academy."

"Mebbe grammar's different from what it was in them days," suggested Cap'n 'Sander. "Caddy she knows."

"If folks can make out to talk so's't other folks can understand 'em, I don't know but what that's enough," said Cap'n Laban, meditatively. "There's such a thing as havin' too much eddication. There was a young man over Orland way that Latin flew to his head and killed him."

"If it's as bad as grammar 'tain't no wonder," said Cap'n 'Sander, mournfully. "I fetched one of 'em down from the garrut," he continued, drawing a dingy and dog-eared book with a green paper cover from his coat pocket. "It's consid'able old. I expect it must have belonged to my brother Isaac that died. He had beautiful learnin'. But—I vum! if here ain't my name on the fly-leaf!—'Lysander Hackett, his book!' Seems as if it was me, and then agin it wa'n't. I kind of run of an idee that I'd studied grammar, but it don't seem to have took, no more'n my vaccination would. Seems kind of discouragin' to think I knew it once. I never thought to look on the fly-leaf yesterday, I was in such a hurry to get inside. 'A noun's the name of anything, as house or garden, hoop or swing;' that seems plain sailin' enough, don't it? But I tell ye, Laban, sometimes I can't seem to *sense the words of it nohow.*"

"I wouldn't have nothin' to do with it; I wouldn't tackle it for no money," said Cap'n Laban, impressively. "It's enough to give ye a fit of sickness! And after all, it ain't nothin' that's fit for grown folks, no more'n Mother Goose. You jest heave that book away, and I'll post ye a little; when I hear ye say anything that hain't grammar, I'll tell ye of it. I hain't never been one to bring my mind down to no such small thing as grammar, but I can if I try."

"There wouldn't be no use in my tryin' that way; I can't remember what Caddy tells me," said Cap'n 'Sander, shaking his head dejectedly. "There hain't no way but to learn it every mite by heart."

"Beats all how sot you be. I don't expect Caddy never had no fault to find with my grammar?" said Cap'n Laban, looking at his friend with sudden suspicion.

"No, she never said a word agin it, as I remember of."

"Seems as if she must be kind of teched to find fault with Joe's. I expect Joe is kind of makin' up to Lyddy Stone. She's got a farm and a harnsome wood lot, to say nothin' of bein' consid'able to look at, and as smart as a steel-trap."

Cap'n 'Sander wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, although the day was cool. "It would have been real consolin' if Caddy could have put up with Joe, pertikerlerly as he hain't one to be morterfied on account of my bad grammar," he said.

"I don't calc'late that Joe'll have to go a-beggin' for a wife," repeated Cap'n Laban, with some asperity.

Joe Kent heard all about it that night, although Cap'n Laban was obliged to follow him everywhere, stumping about on his wooden leg, to make him listen. Joe preferred not to hear or to say anything about Caddy Hackett. And Cap'n Laban didn't realize that it was aggravating to interpolate his remarks with complimentary allusions to Lyddy Stone.

Joe had been in love with Caddy Hackett for almost as long as he could remember; so much in love that he had found it altogether impossible to confine his wooing strictly to the Goddess of Fortune, as he had stoutly resolved to do, until her favor was fully won. He had a thriving law practice now in Plumport and the adjacent towns, and was beginning to be looked upon as a rising young politician. He was quite ready now to take to himself a wife, and notwithstanding the attractions of Lyddy Stone, it had never occurred to him that that wife could be any other than Caddy Hackett. But as he had become outspoken and impatient, Caddy had grown coy. She persisted in staying away from Plumport; and when Joe went to see her she treated him in a matter-of-fact and sisterly way more discouraging than coldness. Joe had never meant to give her up; he was only waiting for her to be brought to a better mind; but he was sensitive about the matter, and Cap'n Laban's inquisitiveness was constantly touching a nerve. But this was information that might be worth something, this matter of grammar. He laughed, and was mortified also, at Cap'n Laban's candid account of her laughing at him. A fellow did fall into the habit of using expressions that he had been brought up to hear, without thinking whether they were ridiculous or not; it took a girl to be so finified and self-conscious as to be always thinking of her speech. A very audacious plan came into his head: if grammar was what she wanted, he would give her enough of it. There had been lurking in the background of his mind an idea that he had been putting himself too much under Caddy's feet.

"It is a way that has gone out of fashion, according to the novels, and Caddy likes modern fashions. This matter of grammar has given me an idea. Come, let us be bold!" said Joe to himself. And the next day he saddled his horse and rode over to Pinkham for the first time in weeks.

Caddy met him with a certain shyness and a shifting of color, instead of the sisterly frankness which she had shown him of late. This great improvement (as Joe regarded it) was the result of a letter which she had just received from her father. In spite of Cap'n 'Sander's absorption in grammar, Cap'n Laban's assertion that Joe was making up to Lyddy Stone returned and rankled in his mind. He had always been fond of Joe, it had been one of his dearest hopes that Caddy would marry him, and he had once fancied that Caddy's happiness depended upon this. He would not venture to dictate or even to suggest to her, but he might hint that she was losing Joe irrecoverably.

He found it very difficult to compose the letter that evening. He was tired out with his grammar, and was unfamiliar with the art of putting things. When it was completed it ran thus:

"My dear Daughter,—This is to let you know that we are all well and there is no news except that we have a new Jersey calf, and Joe Kent is making up to Lyddy Stone, and folks thinks the new minister wears a wig. So no more from your loving father. P. S.—Proputty is a great thing, and some folks thinks Lyddy is harnsome."

To Cap'n 'Sander's mind this letter was Machiavelian. It certainly produced in Caddy a change of manner which was both cheering and puzzling to Joe. It was difficult to carry out his plan under its softening influence; but to flinch from his purpose was quite foreign to Joe's nature.

It was Joe who was easy and conversational to-day, while Caddy made an effort that was plainly to be seen. A silence fell between them at length, which Joe broke with an air of hesitation.

"Caddy, I hope you won't mind if I make a little suggestion. Of course everything you say is charming to me, and a little carelessness doesn't matter in Plumport. I am a little careless myself sometimes, though it doesn't matter so much for a man."

Caddy's eyes were growing round with wonder. She could not in the least imagine what was coming, but this was decidedly a new tone for Joe to take with her.

"Don't look so scared, Caddy"—*she* afraid of Joe!—"it's only a little matter of grammar. You make a few slips that would affect people's opinion of you in cultivated society. A little while ago you said to me you *had* better do this; of course you knew that you should say you *would* better, but you were careless. And I notice you always say you should have liked to *have seen* a thing; of course you know that you ought to say you should have liked to see it, but you think it doesn't matter, or perhaps you even think it's more stylish to be a little careless. I've heard of girls who were afraid of being school-ma'am-ish. But I hope for a wider sphere than Plumport some time, and I have always resolved that my wife, if I should have one, should be elegant in speech."

Caddy uttered a little gasp of astonishment. Her face was scarlet. She murmured, indistinctly, that "every one said those things."

Joe would have liked to drop down at her feet. Indeed he afterward declared that he felt like crawling under the table. But in spite of these emotions he carried himself jauntily.

"Well, well, 'our lives are great, these things are small'; you know the rest, eh, Caddy? I hope you're not offended."

And then he got himself away, leaving Caddy with an unusual look about her eyes; he could not decide whether they were going to flash or be tearful.

They did both after Joe had gone, and after an appreciable interval, which Caddy had given to deciding whether she were awake or dreaming. It must be because Joe was going to marry Lyddy Stone that he gave himself such airs as these.

She had thought but little about Joe of late, but in the background of her consciousness had remained the impression that whatever came, he would always be her humblest of humble servants. She had regarded her speech and manner as being elegant to a degree quite beyond Joe's appreciation. That he could find fault with her, and on the score of grammar, was almost too astonishing for the mind to grasp. As has been said, Caddy gave way to her feelings a little—a somewhat unusual proceeding for her; but she had quite dried her eyes by the time Dr. Helmsbury, the new Pinkham doctor, came and invited her to drive, and she accepted his invitation with unusual alacrity. She proposed, too, that they should drive to Plumport and visit her father. She had always meant that he should see her father and her home before she accepted his suit. He came of an old and wealthy family, and he was a cultivated man. It was quite likely that he might wish to draw back, Caddy thought, when he should see her father and her home.

She had dreaded the visit, although she reproached herself for the unworthy feeling; but now, strangely, her mind was given to an endeavor to recall Lyddy Stone's fashion of expressing herself, and to an unbidden recollection of how handsome Lyddy Stone looked in her green silk dress, which just suited her complexion. Her companion attributed her absence of mind to the mortification about her family, which he had divined, and displayed on this account a greater tenderness than usual, for which Caddy promptly snubbed him. She did not intend to snub him altogether, at least she thought she did not, but he was somewhat middle-aged and very bald, and it seemed to Caddy, somewhat unreasonably, no doubt, that for these reasons he would not mind much, and could wait. Cap'n 'Sander had no time to get himself into his Sunday clothes—Caddy had sternly resolved that Dr. Helmsbury should see the worst; he was worn out, too, with unwonted burning of the midnight oil, and his anxious vigilance over his speech resulted in an overwhelming amount of negatives and painful retractions. Dr. Helmsbury endeavored with polite tact to draw him out on the subject of his sea life, but it was quite in vain. The visit was a failure. Caddy was touched by the distress in her father's face, and ran back to him as Dr. Helmsbury was about to help her into the carriage.

"What is the matter, father? You look really ill."

"I didn't say nothing very bad, did I, Caddy?" whispered the old man, anxiously. "But you had ought to waited till 'long about Thanksgivin' time, as you said, before you fetched him over. I shall talk like the minister by that time! He'll forgit mebbe then if I said anything that wa'n't exactly right to-day."

"Dear old daddy, you talked beautifully," said Caddy, pricked by the recollection of impatient words of hers which had brought about this sensitiveness.

But Cap'n 'Sander shook his head. "Jest wait till I git it learnt by heart!" he repeated.

Caddy wondered somewhat vaguely and abstractedly what he meant, but Dr. Helmsbury's horse was impatient, and there was no time to ask.

They met Joe Kent on horseback as they went back to Pinkham. He was just turning into the long, lonely road that brought up nowhere but at Squire Stone's. Joe greeted Caddy with careless cordiality; there was even a twinkle of friendly amusement in his eye as he glanced at her companion. He looked as if he would like to tease her about her "beau," in the primitive Plumport fashion.

It was two weeks after this, and Dr. Helmsbury's fate was not yet decided, although he had not been shocked out of his ardor by the primitive and illiterate character of his inamorata's relatives, when Caddy received a message that her father was very ill. It was Joe Kent who brought the message.

"We've been sitting up with him, Uncle Laban and I, by turns, for the last four nights. I thought you ought to be told, but he wouldn't have it so. Now he's out of his head, and calls for you. He's been studying grammar. Your aunt Miranda says he would scarcely leave it to eat or sleep; and for a man of his age—"

"Oh, Joe, I've been so wicked and selfish and silly! I've let him see that I was ashamed of him—ashamed of the noblest, sweetest soul—"

"I can't say that I ever thought much of grammar myself," said Joe, ignoring with unblushing effrontery his remarks on his last visit. "If people will say something that's worth hearing, I don't care how they say it. But there's my classmate Sam Willcut, who is going to marry Miss Lydia Stone, he's so fastidious—"

"Oh!" said Caddy.

Joe's horse went like lightning, and there was scarcely a word spoken until they stood by Cap'n 'Sander's bedside.

"Oh, Caddy, you hain't fetched *him* again!" he cried, in terror. "Oh, it's only Joe! I'm dretful thankful it's only Joe, for I can't parse *him* nohow; he don't agree with nothin'. Mebbe it's because his head is so smooth. He's nomertive; of course he must be nomertive. Or is it Joe that's nomertive? and who's objective? It's the objective that's overthrowed me: I can't never get the hang of that."

"Well, now, I guess there hain't nobody that's objective betwixt Joe and Caddy," said Cap'n Laban, coming forward with a faint chuckle. He had an eye for the signs of the times, and he was willing to risk his pride, which in its way was not small, to ease the mind of his old friend.

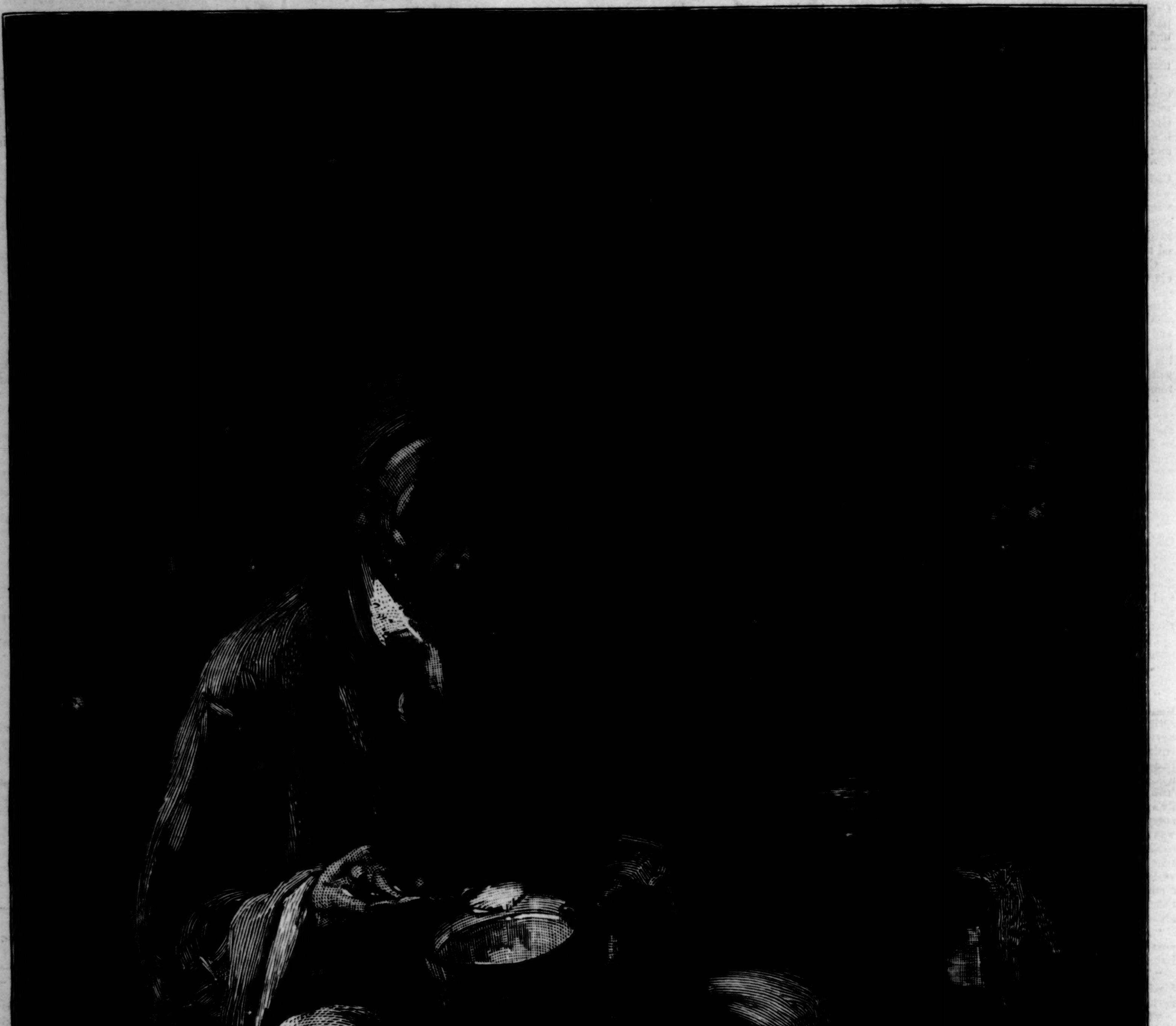
Cap'n 'Sander started up eagerly. "Joe and Caddy? There don't nobody object betwixt Joe and Caddy?" he cried.

"No, nobody, father," said Caddy, slipping her hand into Joe's.

"And you won't be morterfied afore Joe? Joe is own folks. And he won't be morterfied; will ye, Joe? And I needn't never have wrastled with that 'tarnal grammar!"

"We shall always think your speech is better than anybody's, daddy dear," said Caddy, with her cheek on his wrinkled old hand; "but if you hadn't studied grammar, everything would have gone wrong. I might never have found out how much I care for Joe—"

"Land! You don't say so! Well, if grammar ain't the beatermost thing! Raise me up, Caddy. I feel 'most as good as new. You and Joe, after all! And that's grammar! Well, I ain't sorry, Laban, that I wrastled with it."



"HOE-CAKE AND CLABBER."—From the Painting by Alfred Kappes.—[See Page 855.]

NOVEMBER.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Poem on Page 854.]

NOVEMBER DAYS.

My lonely life, like the sea, rolls on;
The years, like the breakers, are ever the same;
As a cheerless day with a troubled dawn
Seems the weary waste of the seasons gone;
To my conscious heart the throbbing waves
But echo a name.

My secret, too, like the ocean's own,
Is buried deep in a troubled past;
My heart, like the billows, may toss and moan,
But forever unrevealed, unknown,
Must my long-pent grief remain
To the last.

In November days is a kindred mood
Such as never I find in summer's sun;
With its sombre tones is my life imbued;
My joys and my grief are alike subdued;
The vanishing year and my lifeless hopes
Are as one.

In strange accord with my sober thought
Comes the constant break of the cold gray sea,
And the perfect harmony I sought
To my mournful heart has nature wrought
The broken reed and the leaden sky—
They are meet for me.

Once these sunless days had but little charm;
I lived then, and revelled, in spring-time alone;
But their piercing breath can as little harm
My dreary heart now as the sunshine warm;
For that which is gone neither brightness
Nor cheer can atone.

I bury the dreams of "what might have been"
In the constant toil of my busy life;
'Mid the great world's victims of want and of sin
I have learned to forget the grief within,
And the merciless sting of those other days
I lose in its bustle and strife.

When those cold dreary winds of November come,
When the long tangled grass lies asleep on the lea,
When the seeker for rest and for pleasure is gone,
With a great sad joy I steal here alone,
And the sorrow my heart has secreted from man
I tell to the sea.

COLONEL QUARITCH, V.C.*

By H. RIDER HAGGARD,

Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," "Allan Quatermain," etc.

CHAPTER XLI.

HOW THE NIGHT WENT.

George sat opposite to him, his hands on his knees, the red nightcap on his head, and a comical expression of astonishment upon his melancholy countenance.

"Well," he said, when Harold had done, "blow me if that ain't a master one. And yet there's folks who say that there ain't no such thing as Prowidence—not that there's anything prowided yet—p'r'aps there ain't nawthing there after all."

"I don't know if there is or not, but I'm going back to see, and I want you to come with me now."

"Now?" said George, rather uneasily. "Why, Colonel, that bain't a very nice spot to go digging about in on a night like this. I niver heard no good of that there place—not as I holds by sich talk myself," he added, apologetically.

"Well," said the Colonel, "you can do as you like, but I'm going back at once, and going down the hole too; the gas must be out of it by now. There are reasons," he added, "why, if this money is to be found at all, it should be found this morning. To-day is Christmas Day, you know."

"Yes, yes, Colonel; I know what you mean. Bless you, I know all about it; the old Squire must talk to somebody; if he don't he'd bust; so he talks to me. That Cossey's coming for his answer from Miss Ida this morning. Poor young lady, I saw her yesterday, and she looks like a ghost, she du. Ah, he's a mean one, that Cossey. Laryer Quest warn't in it with him after all. Well, I cooked his goose for him, and I'd give sommut to have a hand in cooking that banker chap's too. You wait a minute, Colonel, and I'll come along, gale and ghostesses and all. I only hope it mayn't be after a fool's errand, that's all;" and he retired to put on his boots. Presently he appeared again, his red nightcap still on his head—for he was afraid that the wind would blow a hat off—and carrying an unlighted lantern in his hand.

"Now, Colonel, I'm ready, sir, if you be;" and they started.

The gale was, if anything, fiercer than ever. Indeed, there had been no such tempest in those parts for years, or rather centuries, as the condition of the timber by ten o'clock that morning amply testified.

"This here wind must be like that as the Squire tells us on in the time of King Charles, as blew the top of the church tower off on a Christmas night," shouted George; but Harold made no answer; and they fought their way onward without speaking any more, for their voices were almost inaudible. Once the Colonel stopped and pointed to the sky-line. Of all the row of tall poplars which he had seen bending like whips before the wind as he came along, but one remained standing now, and as he pointed that vanished also.

Reaching the summer-house in safety, they entered, and the Colonel shut and locked the door behind them. The frail building was literally rocking in the fury of the storm.

"I hope the roof will hold," shouted George, but Harold took no heed. He was thinking of other things. They lit the lanterns, of which they now had three, and the Colonel slid down into the great grave he had so industriously dug, motioning to George to follow. This that worthy did, not without trepidation. Then they both knelt and stared down through the hole in the masonry, but the light of the lanterns was not strong enough to enable them to make out anything with clearness.

"Well," said George, falling back upon his favorite expression in his amazement, as he drew his nightcapped head from the hole, "if that ain't a master one, I niver saw a masterer, that's all."

"What be you a-going to do now, Colonel? Hev you a ladder here?"

"No," answered Harold; "I never thought of that; but I've a good rope: I'll get it."

Scrambling out of the hole, he presently returned with a long coil of stout rope. It belonged to some men who had been recently employed in cutting boughs off such of the oaks as needed attention.

They undid the rope and let the end down to see how deep the pit was. When they felt that the end lay upon the floor they pulled it up. The depth from the hole to the bottom of the pit appeared to be about sixteen feet, or a trifle more.

Harold took the iron crow-bar, and having made the rope fast to it, fixed the bar across the mouth of the aperture. Then he doubled the rope, tied some knots in it, and let it down into the pit, preparatory to climbing down it.

But George was too quick for him. Forgetting his doubts as to the wisdom of groping about Dead Man's Mount at night, in the ardor of his burning curiosity, he took the dark lantern and holding it in his teeth, passed his body through the hole in the masonry and cautiously slid down the rope.

"Are you all right?" asked Harold, in a voice tremulous with excitement, for was not his life's fortune trembling on the turn?

"Yes," answered George, in a doubtful voice, and Harold, looking down, could see that he was holding the lantern above his head and staring at something very hard.

Next moment a most awful howl of terror echoed up through the pit, the lantern was dropped upon the ground, and the rope commenced to be agitated with the utmost violence.

In another two seconds George's red nightcap appeared through the hole, followed by a face that was literally livid with terror.

"Let me up, for Goad's sake," he gasped, "or he'll hev me by the leg!"

"He! who?" asked the Colonel, not without a thrill of superstitious fear, as he dragged the panting man through the hole.

But George would give no answer until he was through the hole and out of the grave. Indeed, had it not been for the Colonel's eager entreaties, backed to some extent by actual force, he would have been out of the summer-house and half-way down the mount by now.

"What is it?" roared the Colonel, in the hole, to George, who, shivering with terror, was standing on the edge thereof.

"It's a blessed ghost, that's what it is, Colonel," answered George, keeping his eyes fixed upon the hole as though he momentarily expected to see the object of his fears emerge.

"Nonsense," said Harold, doubtfully. "What rubbish you talk! What sort of a ghost?"

"A white un," said George; "all bones like."

"All bones?" answered the Colonel; "why, it must be a skeleton."

"I don't say that he ain't," was the answer; "but if he be, he's seven foot high, and sitting airing of hisself in a stone bath."

"Oh, rubbish!" said the Colonel. "How can a skeleton sit and air himself? He would tumble to bits."

"I don't know; but there he is; and they don't call this place 'Dead Man's Mount' for nawthing."

"Well," said the Colonel, argumentatively, "a skeleton is a perfectly harmless thing."

"Yes, if he's dead, maybe, sir; but this one's alive; I saw him nod his head at me."

"Look here, George," answered Harold, feeling that if this went on much longer he should lose his nerve altogether, "I'm not going to be scared. Great heavens, what a gust! I'm going down to see for myself."

"Very good, Colonel," answered George; "and I'll wait here till you come up again—that is, if you iver du."

Thrice did Harold look at the hole, and thrice, like false Sextus, did he shrink back.

"Come," he shouted, angrily, "don't be an infernal fool; get down here and hand me the lantern."

George obeyed with evident trepidation. Then Harold got through the hole, and with many an inward tremor—for there is scarcely a man on the earth who is really free from supernatural fears—descended hand over hand. But in so doing he managed to let the lantern fall, and it went out. Now, as the reader will probably admit, this was exceedingly trying. It is not pleasant to be left alone in the dark underground in the company of an unknown "spook." He had some matches, but what between fear and cold, it was some time before he could get a light. Down in this deep place the rush of the great gale reached his ears like a faint and melancholy sighing, and he heard other tapping noises too, or he thought he did—noises of a creepy and unpleasant nature. Would the matches never light? The chill and death-like damp of the place struck to his marrow, and the cold sweat poured from his brow. Ah! at last! He kept his eyes steadily fixed upon the lantern till he had lit it and it was burning up brightly. Then by an effort he lifted his eyes and looked round him.

And this is what he saw:

There, three or four paces from him, in the centre of the chamber of Death, sat, or rather lay, a figure of Death. It reclined in a stone chest or coffin, like a man in a hip-bath which is too small for him. The bony arms hung down on either side, the bony limbs projecting toward him, the great white skull hung forward over the massive breast-bone. It moved, too, of itself, and as it moved, the jaw-bone tapped against the breast and the teeth clicked gently together.

Terror seized him while he looked, and, as George had done, he turned to fly. How could that thing move its head? The head ought to fall off.

Seizing the rope, he jerked it violently in the first effort of mounting.

"Hev he got yew, Colonel?" sung out George, above; and the sound of a human voice brought him back to his senses.

"No," he answered, as boldly as he could; and then, setting his teeth, turned, and tottered straight at the Horror in the chest.

He was there now, and holding the lantern straight against the thing, examined it. It was a skeleton of enormous size, and the skull was fixed to the verterbra with rusty wire.

At this evidence of the handiwork of man his fears almost vanished. Even in that company he could not help remembering that it is scarcely to be supposed that spiritual skeletons carry about wire with which to tie on their skulls.

With a sigh of relief he held up the lantern and looked around. He was standing in a good-sized vault or chamber built of rubble stone. Some of this rubble had fallen in to his left; but otherwise, though the workmanship showed that it must be of extreme antiquity, the stone lining was still strong and good. He looked upon the floor, and then for the first time perceived that the nodding skeleton before him was not the only one. All round lay remnants of the mighty dead. There they were, stretched out in the form of a circle, of which the stone kist was the centre.* One place in the circle was vacant; evidently it had once been occupied by the giant frame which now sat within the kist. Next he looked at the kist itself. It had all the appearance of one of those rude stone chests in which the very ancient inhabitants of this island buried the ashes of their cremated dead. But if this was so, whence came the uncremated skeletons?

Perhaps a subsequent race or tribe had found the chamber ready prepared, and used it to bury some among them who had fallen in battle. It was impossible to say more, especially as, with one exception, there was nothing buried with the skeletons which would assist to identify their race or age. That exception was a dog. A dog had been placed by one of the bodies. Evidently, from the position of the bones of its master's arms, he had been left to his last sleep with his hand resting on his hound's head.

Bending down, Harold examined the seated skeleton more closely. It was, he discovered, accurately jointed together with strong wire. Clearly this was the work of hands which were born into the world long after the flesh on those mighty bones had crumbled into dust.

But where was the treasure? He saw none. His heart sank as the idea struck him that he had made an interesting archæological discovery, and that was all. Before undertaking a closer search he returned to the hole and halloed to George to come down, as there was nothing but some bones to frighten him.

This the worthy George was at length with much difficulty, persuaded to do.

When at last he stood beside him in the vault, Harold explained to him what the place was and how ridiculous were his fears, without, however, succeeding in allaying them to any considerable extent.

And really when one considers the position, shut up as they were in the bowels of a place which had for centuries owned the reputation of being haunted, faced by a nodding skeleton of almost superhuman size, and surrounded by various other skeletons, all "very fine and large," with the most violent tempest that had visited the country for years sighing away outside, it is not wonderful that George was scared.

"Well," he said, his teeth chattering, "if this ain't the masterest one that iver I did see!" But here he stopped; language was not equal to the expression of his feelings.

Meanwhile Harold, with a heart full of anxiety, was turning the lantern this way and that, in the hope of discovering some traces of Sir James's treasure, but naught could he see. There to the left the masonry was fallen in. He went to it, and pulled aside some of the stones. There was a cavity behind, apparently a passage, leading no doubt to the secret entrance to the vault, but he could see nothing in it. Once more he searched round. There was nothing. Unless the treasure was buried somewhere, or hidden away in the passage, it was non-existent, that was all.

And yet what was the meaning of that jointed skeleton sitting in the stone bath? It must have been put there for some purpose, probably to frighten would-be plunderers away. Could he be sitting on the money? He rushed to the chest, and looked through the bony legs. No; his pelvis rested on the stone bottom of the kist.

"Well, George, it seems we're done," said Harold, with a ghastly attempt at a laugh. "There's no treasure here."

"Maybe it's underneath that there stone cornbin," suggested George, whose teeth were still chattering. "It should be here or hereabouts, surely."

This was an idea. Helping himself to the shoulder-blade of some deceased hero, Harold, using it as a trowel, began to scoop away the soft sand upon which the stone chest stood. He scooped and scooped manfully, but he could not come to the bottom of the kist.

He stepped back and looked at it. It must be one of two things—either the hollow at the top was but a shallow cutting in a great block of stone, or the kist had a false bottom.

He literally sprang at it, and seizing the giant skeleton by the spine, jerked it out of the kist, and dropped it in a bristling bony heap on one side. Just as he did so there came a gust of wind so furious that, buried as they were in the earth, they literally felt the mound rock beneath it. Instantly it was followed by a frightful crash overhead.

George collapsed in terror, and for a moment Harold could not for the life of him think what had happened. He ran to the hole and looked up. Straight above him he could see the sky, in which the first cold lights of dawn were quivering. Mrs. Massey's summer-house had been blown bodily away, and the "ancient British dwelling-place" was once more, as it had been for centuries, open to the sky.

"The summer-house has gone, George," he said. "Thank God that we were not in it, or we should have gone too!"

"Oh Lord, sir!" groaned the unhappy George, "this is an awful business. It's like a judgment."

"It might have been, if we had been up above instead of safe down here," he answered. "Come, bring that other lantern."

George roused himself, and together they bent over the now empty kist, and examined it closely.

The stone bottom was not of quite the same color as the walls of the kist, and there was a crack across it. Harold felt in his pocket and drew out his knife, which had at the back of it one of those strong iron hooks that are used to extract stones from the hoofs of horses. This hook he worked into the crack, and managed before it broke to pull up a fragment of stone. Then, looking round, he found among the rubbish, where the wall had fallen in, a long sharp flint. This he inserted in the hole, and they both levered away at it.

Half of the cracked stone came up a few inches, far enough to allow them to get their fingers underneath it. So it *was* a false bottom.

"Catch hold," gasped the Colonel, "and pull for your life."

George did as he was bid; and setting their knees against the hollowed stone, they tugged till their muscles cracked.

"It's a-moving," said George. "Now, then, Colonel!"

Next second they both found themselves on the flat of their backs. The stone had given with a run.

Up sprang the Colonel like a kitten. The broken stone was standing edgeways in the kist. There was something soft beneath it.

"The light, George!" he said, hoarsely.

Beneath the stone were some layers of rotten linen.

Was it a shroud, or what?

They pulled the linen out by handfuls. One! two! three!

Oh, great Heaven!

There, under the linen, was row on row of shining gold coins set edgeways.

For a moment everything swam before Harold's eyes, and his heart stopped beating. As for George, he muttered something inaudible about its being a "master one," and collapsed.

With trembling fingers Harold managed to pick out two pieces of gold which had been disturbed by the upheaval of the stone, and held them to the light. He was a skilled numismatologist, and had no difficulty in recognizing them. One was a beautiful three-pound piece of Charles I., and the other a Spur Royal of James I.

That proved it. There was no doubt that this was the treasure hidden by Sir James De la Molle, and he it must have been also who had conceived the idea of putting a false bottom to the kist, and setting up the skeleton to frighten marauders from the treasure, if by any chance one should enter.

For a minute or two the men stood staring at each other over the great treasure which they had unearthed in that dread place, shaking with the reaction of their first excitement, and scarcely able to speak.

"How deep du it go?" said George.

Harold got his knife and loosed some of the top coins, which were very tightly packed, till he could move his hand in them freely. Then he pulled out handful after handful of every sort of gold coin. There was a Rose Noble of Edward IV.; double sovereigns of Henry VIII.; triple sovereigns and gold crowns of Edward VI.; double rials, rials, and angels of Mary; rose royals, spur royals, angels, large sovereigns, and laurels of James I.; double rials and rials of Elizabeth; three-pound pieces, broads, and half-broads of Charles I., some in greater quantity and some in less, but all were represented. Handful after handful did he pull out, and yet the bottom was not reached. At last he came to it. The layer of gold pieces was about thirty inches thick by three feet six long.

"We must get this into the house, George, before any one is about," gasped the Colonel.

"Yes, sir, yes; but how be we a-going to carry it?"

Harold thought for a minute, and then acted thus: Bidding George stay in the vault with the treasure, which he was with difficulty persuaded to do, he climbed the improvised rope-ladder, and got in safety through the hole. In his excitement he had forgotten about the summer-house having been carried away by the gale, which was still blowing, though with not so much fury as before, and the wind-swept desolation that met his view as he emerged into the dawning light broke upon him with a shock. The summer-house was clean gone; nothing but a few uprights remained of it; and fifty yards away he thought he could make out the crumpled-up shape of the roof. Nor was

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1646.

* At Bungay, in Suffolk, there recently stood a mound or tumulus on which was built a windmill. Some years ago the windmill was pulled down, and the owner of the ground, wishing to build a house upon the site, set to work to cart away the mound. His astonishment may be conceived when he found in the mound a great number of skeletons arranged in circles. These skeletons were of large size, and a gentleman who saw them informed me that be measured one. It was over seven feet high. The bones were, unhappily, carted away and thrown into a dike. But no house has been built upon the site of the resting-place of those unknown warriors.—Author.

that all. Quite a quarter of the great oaks which were the glory of the place were down, or splintered and ruined. But what did he care for the summer-house or the oaks now? Forgetting his exhaustion, he ran down the slope and reached the house, which he entered as softly as he could by the side door. Nobody was about yet, or would be for another hour. It was Christmas Day, and not a pleasant morning to get up on, so the servants would be sure to lie abed. On his way to his bedroom he peeped into the dining-room, where he had fallen asleep on the previous evening. When he had woke up, it may be remembered, he lit a candle. This candle was now flaring itself to death, for he had forgotten to extinguish it, and by its side lay the paper from which he had made the great discovery. There was nothing in it, of course, but somehow the sight impressed him very much. It seemed months since he awoke to find the lamp gone out. How much may happen between the lighting of a candle and its burning away! Smiling at this trite reflection, he blew that light out, and taking another, went to his room. Here he found a stout hand-bag, with which he made haste to return to the Mount.

"Are you all right, George?" he shouted down the hole.

"Well, Colonel, yes, but not sorry to see you back. It's lonesome like down here with these deaders."

"Very well. Look out! There's a bag. Put as much gold in it as you can lift comfortably, and then make it fast to the rope."

Some three minutes passed, and then George announced that the bag full of gold was ready. Harold hauled away, and with a considerable effort brought it to the surface. Then, getting the bag on to his shoulder, he staggered off with it to the house. In his room stood a massive sea-going chest, the companion of his many wanderings. It was about half full of uniforms and old clothes, which he bundled unceremoniously on to the floor. This done, he shot the bagful of shining gold, as bright and uncorrupted now as when it was packed away two and a half centuries ago, into the chest, and returned for another load.

Twenty times did he make this journey. At the tenth something happened.

"Here's a writing, sir, with this lot," shouted George. "It was packed away in the money."

He took the "writing," or rather parchment, out of the mouth of the bag, and put it in his pocket unread.

At last the store, enormous as it was, was exhausted.

"That's the lot, sir," shouted George, as he sent up the twentieth bagful. "If you'll kindly let down that there rope, I'll come up too."

"All right," said the Colonel; "put the skeleton back first."

"Well, sir," answered George, "he looks wonderful comfortable where he lay, he du, so if you're agreeable I think I'll let him be."

Harold chuckled, and presently George arrived, covered with filth and perspiration.

"Well, sir," he said, "I never did think that I should get dead tired of handling gold coins; but it's a rum world, and that's a fact. Well, I nivir, and the summer-house gone, and jist look at thim there oaks! Well, if that beant a master one!"

"You never saw a masterer, that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Well, and take one thing with another, nor did I, George, if that's any comfort to you.

"Now look here, just cover over this hole with some boards and earth, and then come in and get some breakfast. It's eight o'clock and past, and the gale is blowing itself out.

"A merry Christmas to you, George!" and he held out his hand, covered with cuts and grime and blood.

George shook it. "Same to you, Colonel, I'm sure. And a merry Christmas it is. God bless you, sir, for what you've done to-night! You've saved the old place from that banker chap, that's what you've done; and you'll have Miss Ida, and I'm durned glad on it, that I am. Lord! won't this make the Squire open his eyes!" and the honest fellow brushed away a tear and fairly capered with joy, his red nightcap waving on the breeze.

It was a strange and beautiful sight to see the solemn George capering thus in the midst of that windy desolation.

Harold was too moved to answer, so he shouldered his last load of treasure and limped off with it to the house. Mrs. Jobson and her talkative niece were up now, but they did not happen to see him, and he reached his room in safety. He poured the last bagful of gold into the chest, and smoothed it down. It filled it to the brim. He shut the chest and locked it, and then, as he was, covered with filth and grime, bruised and bleeding, and his hair flying wildly about his face, he sat down upon it, and from his heart thanked Heaven for the wonderful thing that had happened to him.

So exhausted was he that he nearly fell asleep as he sat; but remembering himself, he rose, and taking the parchment from his pocket, he cut the faded silk with which it was tied, and opened it.

On it was a short inscription in the same crabbed writing which he had seen in the old Bible that Ida had found.

It ran as follows:

"Seeing that the times be so troublous that no man can be sure of his own, I, Sir James De la Molle, have brought together all my substance in money from wheresoever it lay at interest, and have hid the same in this sepulchre, to which I found the entry by a chance, till such time as peace come back to this unhappy England. This have I done on Christmas Day, in the year of our Lord 1643, having completed the hiding of the gold while the great gale was blowing.

"James De la Molle."

Thus on a long gone Christmas Day, in the hour of a great wind, was the gold hid, and now on this Christmas Day, when another great wind raged overhead, was it found once more, just in time to save a daughter of the house of De la Molle from a fate as bad as death.

[to be continued.]

DOUGH-CAKE AND CLABBER.

It is "dough-cake and clabber" in some sections of the South; in others, "hoe-cake and buttermilk." In the Old Dominion, where cows find pasture, milk and buttermilk are in abundance; but further south, where grass is a sparse product, buttermilk is rather more rare. "Clabber" shows its old-fashioned derivation from "bonny-clabber," a compound word still in use in remote rural districts of New York and Pennsylvania. If "dough-cake" is the solid food, that means a wheaten cake, while an "ash-cake" or a "hoe-cake" would be impossible if not made with Indian meal. For true, happy, physical enjoyment, so that he has enough to eat, the negro is to be felicitated. He is content with his simple fare, but he has a talent for preparing it; and even if it be a hoe-cake, it must be done in the approved way. Northern millers grind their maize too fine for a well-educated Southern taste. "Hasty-pudding," as Joel Barlow wrote of it, would not be appreciated either by the white or colored man of the South; and as to that, the true polenta-eater of Spain or Italy would side with our Southern friends in this matter of taste.

Mr. Alfred Kappes shows us an old colored man in a perfectly blissful condition. The dough-cake has a large circumference, and the tin can has still a considerable depth of buttermilk in it. He will not bolt it as would a white man who runs a race with time, but the old man will slowly and deliberately consume the food God has given him. That old negro is the patriarch of the family. He may have seen the time, not so far back, when dough-cake and buttermilk were not plentiful. An abundance of both now fill him up mentally and bodily, and so the old man forgets the troubles of the past, and like a true philosopher he may be saying, "Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry."

A RINGING SPEECH IN HERCULANEUM.

By BILL NYE.

Under the direction of Professor Pasqual Piazzi, of Naples, who is in New York on business connected with the purchase of a scientific outfit for a young college in Italy, a very remarkable experiment was made on Thursday evening last at the Professor's lodgings, and in the presence of but two guests, viz., Dr. Frank S. Browne, of Toronto, and the writer.

It seems that while examining very carefully the two thousand rolls or volumes of manuscripts discovered in the ruins of Herculaneum in 1760, Professor Piazzi, last March, came upon a sheet of metal resembling tin-foil, which had been heretofore regarded as a lining to one of the cases containing the manuscripts, but which, upon closer examination, the Professor found to be not only loose, but slightly indented here and there over nearly its entire surface.

On Thursday evening, for the first time, having succeeded in getting a phonographic cylinder exactly corresponding in size with the sheet of metal, he began to experiment with it, and at last, to the delight of the two guests present, and between the tears and calisthenics of the Professor, who is constructed on a highly emotional and enthusiastic scale, there came back to the ears of those present, translated by Professor Piazzi, sentiments that have slumbered many centuries under the ashes and the clinkers of Vesuvius.

The speech which has thus been for nearly two thousand years corked up by force of circumstances was evidently made on the eve of a local election in Herculaneum, and is given herewith to show that neither the phonograph nor the deep and never-dying devotion of the statesman for the working-man can be regarded as new.

The phonograph began with what sounded like the last few quavering notes of a glee club, which evidently got in by mistake. These are followed by applause and confusion, after which the following, as freely translated, was heard in the down-cellar-sprouting-potatoes voice of the phonograph:

"Fellow-citizens and Working-men of Herculaneum, it has been my desire for some time to address the laboring classes of this district, in order the more fully to give them an idea where we stand, and thus aid them in rapidly making up their minds as to what action they should take at the polls. Should there be a person present, therefore, who does not regard himself as a working-man, will he kindly refrain from listening, or quietly leave the hall and give his place to some one who has developed industrial habits?

"Perhaps it would be well at this time to define the working-man as regarded by our Industrial Bureau and Working-man's Thought Supply Co., in order the more accurately to reach the class aimed at, and to prevent confusion or misunderstanding.

"A great many men undoubtedly lead industrial lives in one way or another, and live with great credit to themselves and their families, even regarding themselves as working-men, but they are not the class of men to whom I desire to-night to address myself. They are men who work, it is true, a certain number of hours a day, but still they are not the people to whom I wish to speak at this time. Men may work with hand or brain at a salary or for themselves, and yet hardly pass for working-men for political purposes. As a matter of fact, nearly all of us may claim to be working-men in the broad sense of the term, but when we refer to the working-man during the months of September or October, we mean one who works so hard with his hands that he hails with undisguised delight the man who is willing to do his thinking for him. The working-man, regarded politically, is a person who enjoys palatable promises, and is so pleased to hear a cultivated man speak without notes and without charge that he will not insist on too much fulfilment and fruition afterward.

"The working-man is supposed to cling to the rank and file of working-men, so that if we convince one, we can count on the whole working-man vote. Working-men, regarded from the stand-point of statesmanship, are men who are only too tickled to be swayed and surged by the clear-cut and convincing barytone remarks of those who throw the essence of their industry into the six weeks previous to election.

"Some statesmen regard themselves as working-men, and divide our voters into two great classes, viz., the worker and the worked.

"Having outlined briefly, then, the class of people to whom we wish to speak, let us address ourselves at once, first, to the needs of the working-man.

"The working-man, then, if you please, needs encouragement. Our party has always been first and foremost to encourage the working-man. We have advocated the amelioration, the advancement, the progress, the elevation, the education, the sanctification, and the ultimate redemption of representative working-men.

"We have been first and foremost to point out to the working-man the priceless boon of liberty. We were the first to call his attention to the general utility of freedom, and to suggest to him that it be transmitted as nearly unimpaired as possible to future generations. It would be difficult to find a party that has said more generous and gratifying things relative to industry than ours. Time and again we have gone out of our way to pay a neat and grammatical tribute to labor. Over and over again we have allowed other matters to wait while we prepared encomiums, with frosting over them, for industry. No one can possibly feel a more just pride or a more sincere interest in the success of toil than our party.

"Secondly, let us pass on at once to the discussion of the future of the working-man.

"Political antagonists, and those who do not have your best interests at heart, will claim that the working-man has no future. This is a flagrant injustice to you. Other flagrant wrongs have been visited upon you as working-men, but none flagranter than this.

"The future of the working-man on the south slopes of Vesuvius is the very thing of which he should be most proud. There is where he will have the advantage of many statesmen.

"No, sir; no toiler in Campania need be ashamed to have his future investigated.

"But to be more serious, are we not, as a nation, rapidly approaching that era—if I may be permitted to use a term which is really better adapted to one with more means than I have—when the laboring-man will assert himself, and not only insist upon assurances of kindly regard on the part of those who seek his vote, but also documentary evidence that the blossoms on his kindly regard will not blast and fall off after election?

"Our party does not propose to make promises to the ear of the working-man only to break them to the heart. We shall aim especially this year to make no empty promises. Wherever we have shown a watermelon blossom of promise, there we hope a full-grown, unplugged watermelon will be found. Other parties have spoken to you kindly as you were on your way to the polls, only to refer lightly, on the way home, to your large red hands and vulgar perspiration. But we are not so.

> "Labor is worship, the robin is wabbling;
> Labor is business, the gobbler is gobbling.
> List to the song from out Nature's heart.
> Labor is worthy, and should be admired;
> Labor is lovely, but makes me feel tired;
> Vicarious labor is exquisite art.

"The above is the platform of this Industrial Bureau. We admire, respect, and esteem labor. What would be accomplished without it? Industry is certainly a first-rate thing.

"Is it not pleasant to hear the blows of the hammer on every hand, provided it is not on your own hand?

"Is it not cheering to see the farmer going joyously afield bearing a crow-bar with which to pry up one corner of the mortgage on his farm, so that he can dig his potatoes out from under it? Of course it is. Men of Herculaneum, and those who may be here this evening representing the Pompeiian and Neapolitan press, let me say to you that what I have just said in your hearing represents the heart-felt sentiments of our Bureau. We want to feel *en rapport* with every laboring-man who may be on the fence. We want him to feel that he can come to us and lean upon us.

"Furthermore, we need more repairs on the Neapolitan road, and a new culvert about four miles south of Herculaneum. A cheap two-inch-plank culvert was put in there under the Greek *régime*, but it was jerked loose and vomited full by Vesuvius before the path-master could make out his bill.

"Working-men of Herculaneum and away up the Gulch, we need better public buildings. The earthquake of 63, which shook down the water-works and court-house at Pompeii, also cracked the ceilings in the Register of Deeds office here, and made the jail one of the most disagreeable places to frequent that I was ever in.

"We need a good deal of manual work done here before we have another volcanic eruption. My idea is to construct wing dams and sluices on the west side, which will turn the lava down through Agrippina's old field, and so on down the Coolie, past Trifoliatum O'Donnell's place. This will give work to the unemployed, and if I can secure the contracts also for erecting a new court-house, as I now hope to do, provided we can elect Aurelius Murkins, of the Third Ward, you'll see better times here in Herculaneum than we have known since the war.

"Fellow-citizens, I do not know that I have any more to say, except that efforts will doubtless be made on the eve of election to flood the country with artful falsehoods and voters from other districts. Bear in mind that if you elect Impecunius Andronicus—a newspaper man who never did a day's work in his life, a man who does nothing but sit up nights and write pieces for the paper, a man who says more mean things through the columns of the Herculaneum *Air Cushion* than I could remember if I tried—you will see retrenchment, you will see money matters so scarce that you working-men will have to trim your alpaca summer togas with rabbit-skin and wear them all winter. Wheat will be twenty cents a bushel and bananas two cents a bunch. What do you care for reduced taxation when you can't get anything to eat? Make improvements. Build bridges, roads, court-houses, jails, penitentiaries, wing dams, sluices, canals, and water-works. Then assess the wealthy and pussy old property-holders to pay the taxes. Work will then be plenty, and then you toilers who are temporarily out of upright pianos, carriages, thirteen-story buildings, and other taxable property will escape.

"I had intended to speak briefly in relation to the tariff, but I see that the hour is already late. However, I will take a moment or two to say that in my opinion we owe almost everything we enjoy to a high protective tariff. Herculaneum used to be pestered almost to death by yeller janders and milk-sickness, and when the Greeks colonized this country you couldn't go out-of-doors without getting infested with Indian arrows. Then a man had to take his life in one hand and a catapult in the other. Then the pioneers of Herculaneum frequently came home from a massacre with arrow-holes through every vital organ they had, and the rear breadths of their systems looked like feather dusters.

"How is it now, under a protective tariff? There has not been a case of yeller janders in Herculaneum for six months, and the noble savage has moved away.

"In closing let me say that the laboring-man has the warmest and best place in my heart. I think a great deal of my wife and family, but I will not allow them to come between me and the working-man. I would be a working-man myself, God knows, if I didn't have so much else to do.

"The laboring classes are entitled to the best there is in this life, gentlemen of Herculaneum. And in the life to come, when we are all gathered about the throne and I am called upon to make a few remarks, I trust that I shall see before me each honest, sweat-bedewed brow which I see before me to-night." (Loud and prolonged applause, during which the distant and rapidly augmented roar of Vesuvius is distinctly heard.)

OLD GRIEFS.

Can it be true that souls too fond of earth,
Whom Death hath sent on heaven's shining road,
Will backward turn to haunt some old abode,
Perchance some mouldering chamber, now in dearth
Of all that filled it once with peace or mirth?
Be not like them, if such poor souls there be;
Seek not thy joys in memory's hollow cell,
Nor make thyself a ghost therein to dwell;
But rise to nobler life, and thou shalt see
All that deserved thy love arise with thee.

GOOSE AND DUCK SHOOTING IN DAKOTA.

Perhaps no other known section of this or any other civilized country rivals Dakota in the number and excellence of the wild geese and ducks which make its territory a temporary abiding-place in their yearly migrations to the South. Wild-geese breed in the far North. The canvas-back duck is supposed to breed in Alaska, while the red-head duck breeds extensively in that section of Dakota which lies between Devil's Lake and our northern boundary. At the approach of fall these birds take their way to the South, many of them—notably the canvas-back—crossing the whole breadth of the continent to pass the winter on our Atlantic seaboard.

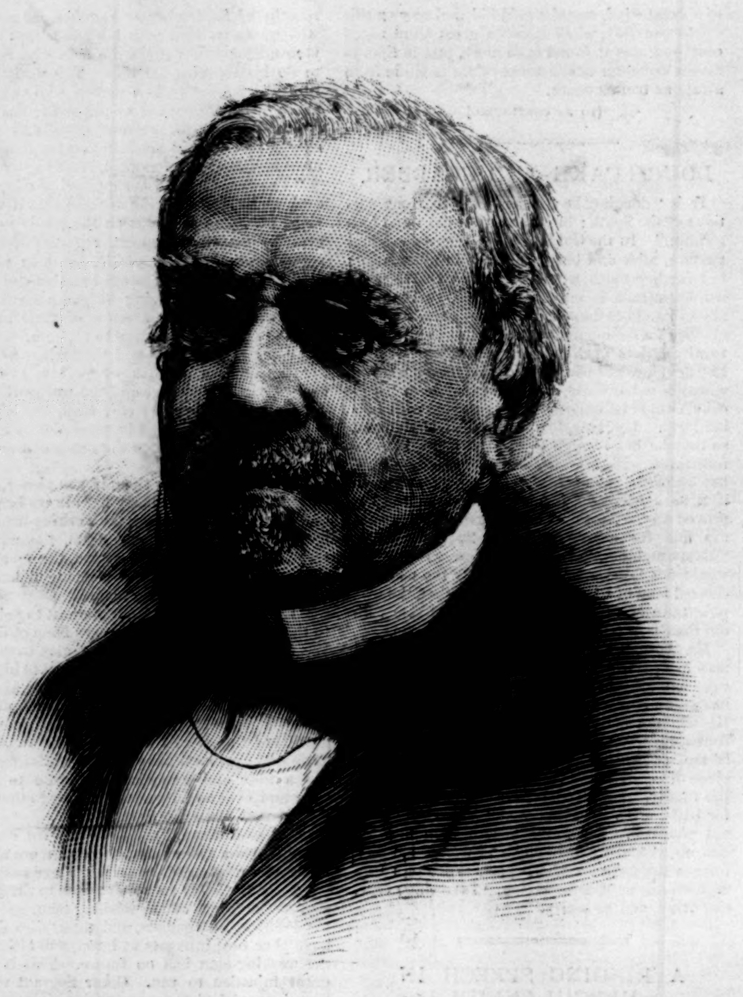
In the path of this migration Dakota spreads its vast territory, abounding in small ponds and slues congenial to web-footed wild-fowl. These, together with abundant food, irresistibly tempt the birds to suspend their flight and remain till falling snows and growing ice compel them to resume their travels. It is to Dakota that the bay gunner of our Atlantic coast may look to forecast the probabilities of the coming season, at least as far as the more esteemed varieties of ducks are concerned. If the late summer and early fall has been there a season of drought, as in 1886 and 1887, poor sport may be anticipated; but if abundant rains have filled its "coolies" and ponds, as is the case this year, he may look for better fortune with confidence.

Duck-shooting in Dakota is pretty much the same as duck-shooting elsewhere, but the method of goose-shooting, since it is peculiar to that locality, merits some description. About the middle of September, and after the wheat, which forms the principal crop of that Territory, has been harvested, the geese begin to make their

appearance. Five different varieties make up the flight. Then the gunner betakes himself to the highest point in some lately reaped wheat field, and there digs a hole about three feet in diameter and four feet deep. In so doing he uses the utmost care to so conduct himself that when the pit is completed the land in its immediate vicinity shall not differ in appearance from the rest of the field, for the geese are keen of vision and prompt of suspicion. All excavated earth must be removed to a distance or scattered widely, and the wheat stubble should be replanted if any has been disturbed. If ungarnered wheat sheaves are scattered over the field, some may be taken to improve the ambush; but if none are so found, any attempt to use them will be fatal, for not a goose will come near the blind.

The pit completed, and furnished with a board or box to sit on, the gunner stands about a dozen decoys within fifteen or twenty feet of that edge of the hole which will be behind him. These are merely of flat tin outlined to goose form, painted, and provided with a standard to thrust into the earth. He then enters the pit, and conceals himself with his back to the wind, with one eye peering over the edge of the hole. At half-past four in the afternoon, so nearly that one might almost set a watch by it, the flight begins. Then the geese leave the ponds and slues, where they have passed the day, to glean the scattered wheat upon the fields, remaining all night to feed, and returning to the water by or before daybreak.

If the flight is a good one, gang succeeds gang so rapidly that the gunner has no time to leave his hole to gather the dead or secure the crippled until darkness puts an end to the shooting. Where the killed fall, there they lie, while of the wounded many escape. Still the number bagged, if the gunner is any kind of a shot, is great. The illustration is no exaggeration. The writer has known five guns in six days' shooting to bag five hundred and sixty geese, besides so many ducks that it was not thought worth while to count them.



THE LATE JOHN GUY VASSAR.—From a Photograph by Vail Brothers, Poughkeepsie.

JOHN GUY VASSAR.

Mr. John Guy Vassar was born in Poughkeepsie in the year 1811, and was at the time of his death about seventy-seven years old. In 1832, when he became of age, he was taken into the firm of M. Vassar & Co., his uncle, Matthew Vassar, and his brother, M. Vassar, Jun., being the partners. His active connection with the business continued only seven years, when in 1839 he was attacked by a bronchial affection, and went abroad for his health. He went first to the famous baths and mineral springs of Europe, and then to other countries, as inclination and opportunity suggested, until he became one of the most extensive travellers the world has ever seen; in fact, it is doubtful if any other man ever surpassed him. He visited every State and Territory of our Union and every country in North and South America, every country in Europe, all of Asia but the inaccessible central portions, all the then known parts of Africa, besides Australia, New Zealand, Japan, etc. Many of these were visited several times, and every part of Europe was as familiar to him as the walks about home. In the course of his wanderings he went completely around the world four times, and his letters were published in book form.

Finally, however, he tired of travel, and advancing age and infirmities caused him to settle down in his native city, and devote himself to the care of his property and to plans for its disposition. Although he spent most of his time abroad, Mr. Vassar was a full partner in the Vassar Brewery until 1850, and retained a similar interest until his death. The business was extensive and profitable, and he found himself in possession of an ample fortune, which he largely increased by judicious investments. He did not speculate in the usual way, but would make a study of railroads whose securities from any cause were selling low, and if he was convinced that any one of them was so located that it was likely to increase its business and become more valuable, he bought its securities largely, and waited for the rise. He had full confidence in his own judgment, and when he was buying, if interest was defaulted or prices went down, instead of being frightened and selling out, he counted it an additional opportunity, and bought the more. He was frugal in all his habits, and denied himself many of the luxuries of life in order that he might accumulate more money to give away. At the same time he rarely responded to ordinary calls for contributions, looking upon the money given out in driblets to be mostly wasted, and preferring to found and endow the institutions that bear his name and that of his brother.

The first of his important gifts was of the laboratory at Vassar College, the cost of which he shared with his brother. He has also given an additional sum for its benefit since the death of the latter. The Home for Aged Men was also erected by the two brothers jointly, and each gave $15,000 for its endowment when it was completed.

The Vassar Brothers Institute was planned for in the same way, but the death of his brother Matthew, which occurred before the plans were completed, prevented his joint contribution. Mr. John Guy Vassar thereupon informed the trustees of the Institute that he would proceed with the building and defray the whole expense himself. This he did, and, moreover, greatly extended and enlarged it from the original plan, contributing in all for the building and its endowment $65,000.

The Vassar Brothers Hospital is another joint enterprise, for which Matthew Vassar, Jun., made ample provision in his will, on condition that his brother should also contribute to its funds. It was also residuary legatee of M. Vassar, Jun., and has realized in all about $350,000 from his estate. The fund being thus ample, all the expenditures hitherto made have come from that source, but it is understood that Mr. John Guy Vassar has provided for it, according to the original agreement, in his will.

It is generally understood that Mr. Vassar leaves a large property, but estimates vary greatly as to its amount. As he was never married, and had no one immediately depending upon him, probably nearly the whole of it will be disposed of in public bequests. The Home for Aged Men, the Hospital, Vassar College, and the institution on College Hill are doubtless all remembered substantially, but the details cannot be known till his will is made public.

THE PRODUCT OF A DAY'S SPORT NEAR WEBSTER, DAKOTA.—From a Photograph by H. R. Farr.—[See Page 855.]

THE ARDOR AND THE JOY OF A GAME AT FOOT-BALL.—Drawn by Frederick Barnard.—[See Page 858.]

THE AMERICAN GAME OF FOOT-BALL.

Not more than a dozen years ago the only sport which passed in this country by the name of foot-ball was a nondescript running and kicking match indulged in after a Thanksgiving dinner. The audience consisted of the few relatives and members of the family who were incapacitated by age from any physical exercise. All others who had enjoyed the dinner were expected to join the game.

The foot-ball match of to-day is a scientific contest, for which during three months upward of fifty men have carefully trained, practised, and perfected themselves in all the strategies of a studied campaign. Out of this fifty have been selected twenty-two men, eleven from each university, and these the very picture of muscular agility and endurance. And the audience! Never until the advent of this sport has anything like it been assembled. Ten thousand people, the bulk of them flying college colors, would make a grand sight anywhere, but nowhere could such charmingly picturesque groupings be found as those of the annual Thanksgiving Day game at the Polo Grounds. Close about the lines are gathered the drags, draped with great festoons of ribbons, and dotted with brighter spots of color worn or waved by the eager, excited sympathizers. Crowded between the coaches are traps of every description. Below, on the ground, surging up against the rope, is a living sea of men, while upon the grand stands seem to rise great waves of humanity. The field itself looks in the midst too small for more than a tennis-ground. Now and then spasmodic but scattered cheering seems to relieve the pent-up spirits of the great throng. Suddenly into the enclosure come the players, and then goes up a shout, and from coach to coach goes the answering cheer. The short, sharp "'rah! 'rah! 'rah!" of Yale finds answer in the slower, deeper "'rah! 'rah! 'rah!" of Harvard, while between them bursts the rocket cry of Princeton. Columbia's cheer rings out, with the name of their favorite tacked on to the crisp "C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!" and nearly every college has enough men gathered somewhere on the field to give its own peculiar cheer.

Our artist has evidently selected the front seats of the grand stand from which to make his sketch, and in the excited faces of the two men in the foreground one easily recognizes the old undergraduate enthusiasm stirred into new life by the excitement of the game. Youth shines once more in their faces almost as strongly as in the bright face of the boy behind them. He perhaps is exulting in the prowess of an elder brother "on the team," and looking forward to the time when he too shall be representing his university.

A game which has in a few years taken so strong a hold upon such an audience must be a fascinating one. To Harvard belongs the credit of importing into this country what has been for years the joy of every English school-boy, the Rugby game. In 1875 Harvard and Yale made the first step toward the adoption of the English game by playing under a set of rules which, while they clung too fondly to some of the old bunting and tripping, still embraced many of the Rugby ideas. In 1876, at Harvard's earnest advocacy, the Rugby rules were adopted entire, and from that time the game began its successful course. Only once were its prospects darkened, and that was by the "block game," which, owing to a defect in the rules, enabled a team to hold the ball so continuously, without advance or retreat, that the entire time was wasted without scoring. Had the rules remained in this state the game would have become a forgotten pastime. Fortunately such changes were made as to eliminate this element, and to-day no team can practise the Fabian policy. From the moment the ball is kicked off, the play goes rapidly on to a certain conclusion which offers no chance of evasion.

Our players have strayed away from the original Rugby rules, but in doing this they have built up a game and rules of their own more suited to American needs. Our English cousins who have not seen the American game, but have read of it, look askance at any changes from the old traditional Rugby. But where the Englishman has no rule he has a tradition which has been so long established that it is stronger than a rule, while in this country, with no such unwritten law, we have been obliged to adopt more definite wordings. From these changes has grown the marked American feature of the game, the quarter-back play. When the ball is down, instead of the indiscriminate pushing and kicking of the English "scrummage," we have the sharp, clean work of the snap-back and pass by the quarter. This tends to make the American game more varied in its tactics, and offering a far larger field for generalship.

The most important changes in this year's rules allow tackling down to the knees, and prevent holding in the rusher line. This latter will add greatly to the pleasure of the spectators, as it will make the running more open, while preventing much of the pushing in the forward line. The changes that have been adopted will add notably to the zest and vigor of the game. Heretofore the feelings of the enthusiastic adherents of the contestants have been pent up more than half the time during the struggle, and the cheering, if hearty, was sporadic, from the nature of the rules, which allowed the ball to be but seldom in play. The obstacles to the fullest enthusiasm having been removed, there will in the future be ample opportunity for exuberance.

The Intercollegiate Association consists of Harvard, Princeton, University of Pennsylvania, Wesleyan, and Yale. Yale as champion, and Harvard as holding second place, will have the privilege of being the contestants on Thanksgiving Day. Before that, however, they will each have met Princeton as well as the other teams, and given the public an opportunity of comparing their respective merits.

Walter Camp.

A RETURN TO DUTY.

This is always desirable, and the speedier it takes place the better. Doubly welcome is it in the case of those usually industrious little organs, the kidneys, which, when they go on a strike—so to speak—and drop work, seriously imperil health in more than one way. First and foremost, their inaction begets their disease, which is hydra-headed, including such dangerous maladies as Bright's disease and diabetes. Next, when inactive they fail to assist in removing from the blood impurities that beget rheumatism, gout, and dropsy. Third, their inaction weakens the bladder. All this is preventable and remediable by the pleasant promoter of organic action, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, at once a tonic and a regulator. This gently but effectually impels the kidneys to return to duty, and strengthens them and the bladder. Upon the bowels, stomach, and liver it likewise exerts a regulating and invigorating influence, and it strengthens the system, and averts and remedies malaria and rheumatism.—[*Adv.*]

COUGHS.

"*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are used with advantage to alleviate Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and Bronchial Affections. *Sold only in boxes.*—[*Adv.*]

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a recipe which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren St., New York City, will receive the recipe free of charge.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"

The Great Pain Reliever,

For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

C. C. Shayne, manufacturer of Seal-skin Garments, newest styles, and all leading fashionable furs, 103 Prince Street, New York. Fashion-book mailed free. Send your address.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

Premature Loss of the Hair, which is so common nowadays, may be entirely prevented by the use of Burnett's Cocoaine.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

The superiority of Burnett's Flavoring Extracts consists in their perfect purity and great strength.—[*Ad.*]

The Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

Angostura Bitters, endorsed by physicians and chemists for purity and wholesomeness.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOLD MEDAL, PARIS, 1878.

BAKER'S

Breakfast Cocoa.

Warranted ***absolutely pure Cocoa,*** from which the excess of Oil has been removed. It has *three times the strength* of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, *costing less than one cent a cup.* It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, easily digested, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.

W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

CHICAGO AND DENVER EXPRESS.

The Chicago and Northwestern Railway announces that in connection with the Union Pacific Railway they have established a through line between Chicago and Denver, equipped with elegant Wagner and Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers. The Denver Express will leave Chicago daily, via the Northwestern at 1.15 P.M., and arrive in Denver early the second morning, and returning will leave Denver at 9.25 P.M., and arrive in Chicago at noon the second day.

This through service between Chicago and Denver will commend itself to well-posted travellers appreciating the advantages and comforts to be derived from making the journey in through sleeping-cars.

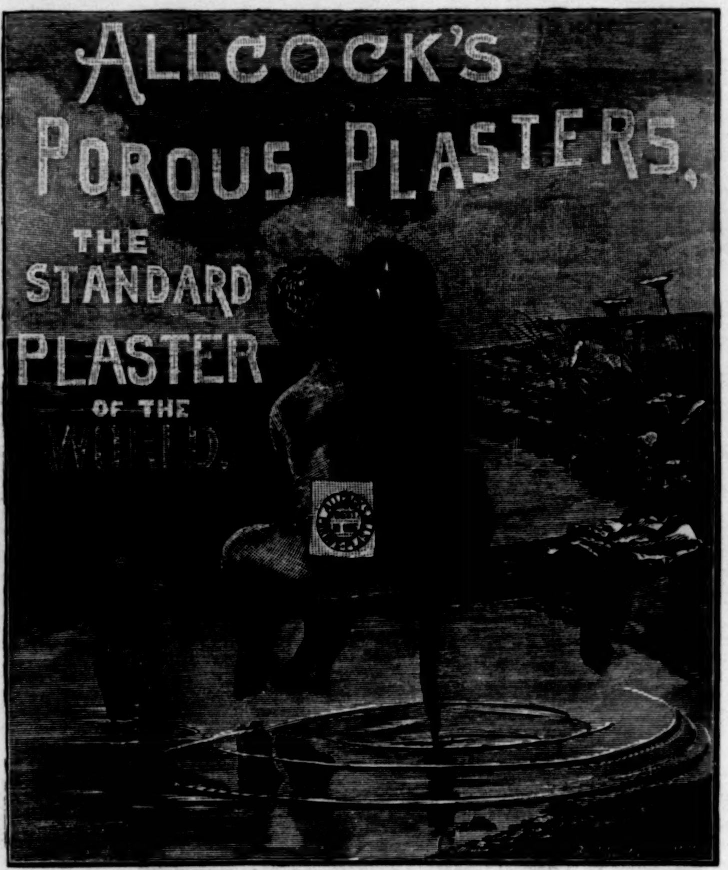
WATCHES.

$3.50 TO $15.00

We lead them all with our new patterns: Timing Watches, Plain Watches, Sweep-Second, Twenty-four-hour, and Ship-Time Watches. The latest designs in cases. Nickel Silver, Gold and Silver plate. Our Etched Cases are the most unique and handsome patterns ever placed on the market. Engraved cases with monograms, sporting and other designs to suit every taste. Do not waste money on expensive watches without first examining our goods. They are warranted in every particular. Goods sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. Call at our warerooms and examine them, or send for illustrated catalogue.

MANHATTAN WATCH CO.,

234 & 235 Broadway, New York City.



ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS have the endorsement of the highest medical and chemical authorities, and millions of grateful patients who have been cured of distressing ailments voluntarily testify to their merits. Beware of imitations, and do not be deceived by misrepresentation. Ask for **ALLCOCK'S**, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO, CALIFORNIA.

W. W. Dawson, M.D., President Am. Medical Association, Cincinnati: "The climate is both preservative and restorative. The Hotel exceeds all praise."

Average temperature in winter 8° warmer, in summer 10° cooler than any of the five world-renowned famous Mediterranean resorts. Never hot in summer nor cold in winter at Coronado. The hotel is noted for magnificent splendor; supplied with electric lights, steam heaters, grates, etc. Boating, hunting, fishing, fine drives, etc. Rates from $2.00 per day and upwards by month; transients $3.00 per day and upwards, according to room.

E. S. Babcock, Jr., Manager.

Holiday Gifts.

No man, woman, or child need be in doubt about an appropriate Chistmas or New-Year's present while Harper's Periodicals are in existence.—*Commercial Bulletin*, Boston.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE,	$4.00	HARPER'S BAZAR,	$4.00
HARPER'S WEEKLY,	4.00	HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,	2.00

POSTAGE FREE TO SUBSCRIBERS IN THE UNITED STATES, CANADA, AND MEXICO.

Subscriptions will be begun with the Number of each Periodical current at the time of receipt of order, except in cases where the subscriber otherwise directs. Remittances should be made by Post-Office Money Order or Draft, to avoid risk of loss.

Address: HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

A SHORT AND EASY MANUAL OF COMMERCIAL TERMS.

FINE LINEN

Writing Papers.

If you want a DAY BOOK made to order,
If you want a JOURNAL made to order,
If you want a CASH BOOK made to order,
If you want a LEDGER made to order,
If you want a RECORD made to order,
If you want a CHECK BOOK made to order,
If you want a SALES BOOK made to order,
If you want Paper for CORRESPONDENCE,
If you want Paper for LETTER HEADS,
If you want Paper for NOTE HEADS,
If you want Paper for BILL HEADS,
If you want Paper for TYPE-WRITER use,
If you want WRITING PAPER for any purpose,

ASK YOUR STATIONER OR PRINTER

For "LINEN LEDGER" Paper or "LINEN WRITING" Paper, made by

CRANE BROS.,
WESTFIELD, MASS.

Used by all STATIONERS.
Used by all BOOKBINDERS.
Used by all LITHOGRAPHERS.
Used by all PRINTERS.
Sold by all PAPER DEALERS.

OUR TRADE-MARK.

These papers have received the HIGHEST AWARD at four WORLD'S FAIRS, and are recommended by all using them. Our papers may be known by the Japanese Cranes, which are our trade-mark, and are in water-mark in each sheet. Send for sample books.

Cleaver's Transparent Soap Best & Cheapest Bar None!!

BROWN BROTHERS & CO.,
59 WALL STREET, N. Y.

Bills of Exchange, Commercial and Travellers' Credits available in any part of the world.
Collection in all foreign countries.

FREE TO F.A.M. Fine Colored Engraving of Ancient York, England, where the first G. Lodge of Masons was held A D. 926. Also large illustrated Catalogue of Masonic books and goods with bottom prices. Agents wanted. Pay very liberal. ☞ Beware of spurious books. REDDING & CO., Masonic Publishers and Manufacturers, 731 Broadway, New York.

WATCHES FROM $1.25 UP. Cheapest Jewelry House in the world. Write for 80-page Illustrated Catalogue. WALLACE, 213 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

FACIAL BLEMISHES. The Largest Establishment in the World for their Treatment. Facial Development, Hair and Scalp, Superfluous Hair, Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, Moth, Freckles, Wrinkles, Red Nose, Acne, Pimples, Black Heads, Scars, Pitting, etc., and their treatment. Send 10 cts. for book of 128 pages, treating on 25 skin imperfections. 6th edition revised. Dr. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 210 West 42d St., New York City, N. Y., Inventor of Facial Appliances, Springs, etc. Six Parlors; three for Ladies. Established 1870.

$5 to $8 a day. Samples worth $1.50, FREE. Lines not under the horses' feet. Write BREWSTER'S SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

How to Cure Skin & Scalp DISEASES with the CUTICURA REMEDIES.

THE MOST DISTRESSING FORMS OF SKIN and scalp diseases, with loss of hair, from infancy to old age, are speedily, economically, and permanently cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when all other remedies and methods fail.

CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it, externally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cure every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by the POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."

☞ Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. ☜

Relief in one minute, for all pains and weaknesses, in CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, the only pain-killing plaster. 25c.

THE TOY THE CHILD LIKES BEST

IS THE **"Anchor" Stone Building Blocks,** real stone, three colors. The BEST PRESENT for children and adults. For $1.75 or $2.00 a good average box.

Apply for Descriptive Catalogue, sent post-free, to
F. AD. RICHTER & CO.,
310 Broadway, New York.

"HOME EXERCISER" *for Brain Workers and Sedentary People;* Gentlemen, Ladies, and Youths; the Athlete or Invalid. A complete gymnasium. Takes up but 6 inches square floor-room; something new, scientific, durable, comprehensive, cheap. Send for circular. "Schools for Physical and Vocal Culture," 16 East 14th Street and 713 5th Ave., N. Y. City. Prof D L. DOWD Wm. Blaikie, author of "How to get Strong," says of it: I never saw any other that I liked half as well."

AGENTS WANTED

to take subscriptions for

LIBRARY OF UNIVERSAL ADVENTURE.

Compiled and Edited by
WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS,
and
THOMAS SERGEANT PERRY.

Profuse Illustrations. 1044 Pages. Address

HARPER & BROTHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.

Arnold Constable & Co

PLUSHES AND VELVETS.

NEW COLORINGS FOR TRIMMINGS.

RICH PLUSHES FOR CLOAKS AND JACKETS.

Broadway & 19th st.

MYRRH TOOTH SOAP. Cures SORE GUMS, REMOVES TARTAR, gives delightful coolness and freshness to the mouth. *A Gem for the Toilet,* Try it. Sold by druggists or postpaid receipt 25c. WRIGHT & CO., Chemists, Detroit, Mich. *Send for pamphlet care of teeth, free.*

HINDERCORNS. The only sure Cure for Corns. Stops all pain. Ensures comfort to the feet. 15c. at Druggists. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

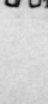
PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

The best of all remedies for Inward Pains, Colic, Indigestion, Exhaustion and all Stomach and Bowel troubles. Also the most effective cure for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and affections of the breathing organs. It promotes refreshing sleep, improves the appetite, overcomes nervous prostration, and gives new life and strength to the weak and aged. 50c. and $1.00, at Drgguists.

SUNDAY SCHOOL CARDS! Elegant Designs! 10 Samples for 12c. 50 cards all different kinds, for 40 cts. **GIANT** Self-inker PRINTING PRESS ☞ With Script type outfit **$5** Pack Sample Visiting Cards & Catalogue, 6c. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Philadelphia.

GOLD. You can live at home and make more money at work for us than at anything else in the world. Either sex; all ages. Costly outfit FREE. Terms FREE. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

"BOKER'S BITTERS," THE OLDest and Best Stomach Bitters known—unequalled for their medicinal properties, and for their fineness as a cordial. To be had in Quarts and Pints. L. FUNKE, Jr., Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, 78 John St., N. Y. P. O. Box 1029.



KNEE BULGING, Bagging, Wrinkling, Shortening of PANTS wholly corrected by our *Trouser* RE-SHAPER and fresh, new shape *perfectly* restored. Sent prepaid for $1. ☞ Rich side line for Road Men; $4 daily to Canvassers, Wanted NOW. Name this paper. TROUSER RE-SHAPER CO. Columbus, Ohio.

Darlington, Runk & Co.

ENGLISH, FRENCH, AND SCOTCH CLOTHS

For Ladies' Jackets, Wraps, Long Coats, Ulsters, and Fur-lined Garments. High-cloth Novelties for Evening and Carriage Wraps, Fur-lined Beavers, Plain-Face Beavers, Stripe Venetians, and Whip Cords. Special Cloth for

Ladies' Riding Habits.

1126 & 1128 Chestnut St. Philadelphia

BARNEY & BERRY SKATES

CATALOGUE FREE.
BARNEY & BERRY SPRINGFIELD, MASS

WORK FOR ALL. $30 a week and expenses paid. Samples worth $5 and particulars free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my life.—A. H. DOWELL, Editor Enquirer, Edenton, N. C., April 23, 1887.

PISO

The BEST Cough Medicine is PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. Children take it without objection. By all druggists. 25c.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CHRISTMAS GREETING.

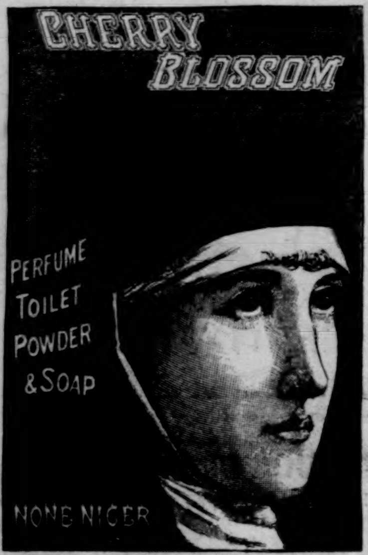
LUNDBORG'S PERFUMES,

EDENIA, MARÉCHAL NIEL ROSE, ALPINE VIOLET, GOYA LILY.

LUNDBORG'S RHENISH COLOGNE.

These Perfumes are for sale by almost all Druggists and Dealers in Toilet Articles, but if, for any reason, they cannot be so obtained, send for a Price List to

LADD & COFFIN, Proprietors and Manufacturers, 24 Barclay St., cor. Church St., New York.



In the High Court of Justice.—Gosnell v. Durrant.—On January 28, 1887, Mr. Justice Chitty granted a Perpetual Injunction with costs restraining Mr. George Reynolds Durrant from infringing Messrs. John Gosnell & Co.'s Registered Trade-Mark CHERRY BLOSSOM.

N

ARE YOU COMING SOUTH? THEN NOTE THE ADVANTAGES OF

BALTIMORE

AS A WINTER HOME — NO CYCLONES — NO BLIZZARDS!!! NO EPIDEMICS — 45 MINUTES TO WASHINGTON — ATTRACTIONS OF A GREAT CITY — ART GALLERIES — LIBRARIES — CONSERVATORIES — HIGH GROUND — PURE WATER — MODERATE TEMPERATURE —

W CLIMATE E

A MODEL

SEND FOR BOOK DESCRIBING BALTIMORE & HER NEW HOTEL

"THE ALTAMONT"

ELEGANT — HOMELIKE — ON HANDSOMEST BOULEVARD IN AMERICA — EUTAW PLACE — BEAUTIFUL VIEWS — TASTEFUL APARTMENTS — SUNLIGHT IN EVERY ROOM

A MODEL HOME

C. W. STORK, PROP.

S

MAGIC LANTERNS and STEREOPTICONS for Public Exhibitions and for Home Amusement. Views illustrating every subject. A very profitable business for a man with small capital. Best apparatus, new views, largest stock. 25 years practical experience. 170-p. catalogue free. GEO. H. PIERCE, 136 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION

Beware of Fraud, as my name and the price are stamped on the bottom of all my advertised shoes before leaving the factory, which protect the wearers against high prices and inferior goods. If a dealer offers W. L. Douglas shoes at a reduced price, or says he has them without my name and price stamped on the bottom, put him down as a fraud.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE. FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only calf $3 SEAMLESS Shoe smooth inside. NO TACKS or WAX THREAD to hurt the feet, easy as hand-sewed and WILL NOT RIP.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 SHOE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe. Equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $9.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3.50 POLICE SHOE. Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them. Smooth inside as a Hand-Sewed Shoe. No Tacks or Wax Thread to hurt the feet.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexcelled for heavy wear. Best Calf Shoe for the price.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.25 WORKINGMAN'S SHOE is the best in the world for rough wear; one pair ought to wear a man a year.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE FOR BOYS is the best School Shoe in the world.

W. L. DOUGLAS $1.75 YOUTH'S School Shoe gives the small Boys a chance to wear the best shoes in the world.

All made in Congress, Button and Lace. If not sold by your dealer, write

W. L. DOUGLAS. Brockton, Mass.

The finest Meat-Flavoring Stock.
USE IT FOR SOUPS,
Beef Tea, Sauces, and Made Dishes.

J. v. Liebig
TRADE MARK

EXTRACT of MEAT

N. B.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature in BLUE INK across label.

Sold by Storekeepers, Grocers, and Druggists.
LIEBIG'S EXTRACT OF MEAT CO., L't'd, London.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION—1878.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS

DEAFNESS and Noises in HEAD Entirely Cured by Peck's Pat. Improved Tubular Ear Cushions. Whispers heard distinctly. Unseen, comfortable, selfadjusting. *Successful when all remedies fail.* Sold only by F. HISCOX, 853 Broadway, cor. 14th St., N.Y. Write or call for illustrated book of proofs FREE.

EAR DISCHARGES and Earache CURED by Dr. ALLEN'S Improved EAR WASH, from prescription of great London aurist. $1 by mail. Address London Supply Co., 853 B'way, N.Y. Guaranteed.

GUNS REVOLVERS. Send stamp for price list to J. H. Johnston & Son, Pittsburg, Pa.

"LO," HE SHAVES!

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Knows not where WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK to find.

Our North American Indians are always represented with beardless faces. A recent writer explains this appearance by showing that the Indians remove their beards—hair by hair—with tweezers, selecting some clear pool for the mirror. That such an operation must be extremely painful is apparent.

By failing to provide the proper material for shaving, many men in the most highly civilized communities subject themselves daily to an operation almost as painful. It were almost better to follow the method of the Indian than to use any but the very finest of shaving soaps. Inferior shaving soaps dry very quickly on the face, leaving a scum which blunts the keenest razor, smarts the face, poisons the skin, and makes shaving a torture.

For half a century ***WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS*** have grown constantly in favor and defied competition on account of their rich, creamy lather, their soothing and healing effect on the skin, and their unapproachable delicacy and fragrance.

GENUINE YANKEE SOAP—One Cake sufficient for 200 Shaves—15c.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

Elegant Package, Convenient for Travellers, 25 Cents.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price in stamps or currency.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.,
GLASTONBURY, CONN.

(ESTABLISHED 1840—AS WILLIAMS & BROS., MANCHESTER.)

AIR-TIGHT RUBBER TIP
PEARL MUCILAGE

Neat,

Clean,

Convenient.

Always air-tight when not in use. Cannot "GUM UP." A Perfect Self-Feeder.

NO CORK! EVAPORATION! SPILLING!

PRICE 15 Cts.

Sample by mail 20 Cents.

For sale Everywhere.

THE NASSAU MFG. CO., 140 Nassau Street, New York.
THE BEST MUCILAGE IN THE BEST BOTTLE.

PRINT Your Own CARDS PRESS, $3. Circular size, $8. Newspaper size, $44. Typesetting easy, printed directions. Send 2 stamps for catalogue of presses, type, cards, &c., to factory, Kelsey & Co., Meriden, Ct.

BABYHOOD.—DEVOTED TO THE CARE of Infants. $1.50 a year. 5 Beekman St., N. Y.

The best History of the War that has yet appeared.—Boston Traveller.

The plates of Harper's Weekly during the War having been destroyed,

HARPER'S
Pictorial History of the Civil War

Is the only means of obtaining its invaluable historical illustrations. In two splendid folio volumes, same size page as the Weekly, and containing 1000 of its famous War pictures. Price for set, carriage paid, in bevelled cloth, $16; in Half-Turkey Morocco, handsome gilt stamp on side and marbled edges, $22; full Morocco, elegant, $35. **To avoid deception see that books bear Harper's name.** Send for Illustrated Circular to

McDONNELL BROS., Publishers,
185 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Of priceless value for preservation.—Boston Advertiser.

NOTICE.—Parties in the vicinity of New York, Detroit, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and other large cities, can have a set of this book sent to them for examination free of charge. **Agents wanted.** Liberal terms to first-class men. In many parts of the country this book is sold on the **easy-payment plan.**

THIS INK IS MANUF'D BY
J. H. Bonnell & Co. (Limited), N. Y.

PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFITS *for Amateurs, Field Glasses, Microscopes, Telescopes, Spectacles, Barometers, Lantern Slides,* W. H. WALMSLEY & CO. Philadelphia, Pa. Illus. price list free. Send for *Special Bargain Lists.*

EARL & WILSON'S
LINEN
COLLARS & CUFFS
BEST IN THE WORLD

A HUNT FOR A WAR.

BY JOSEPH PENNELL.

PONT-À-MOUSSON.

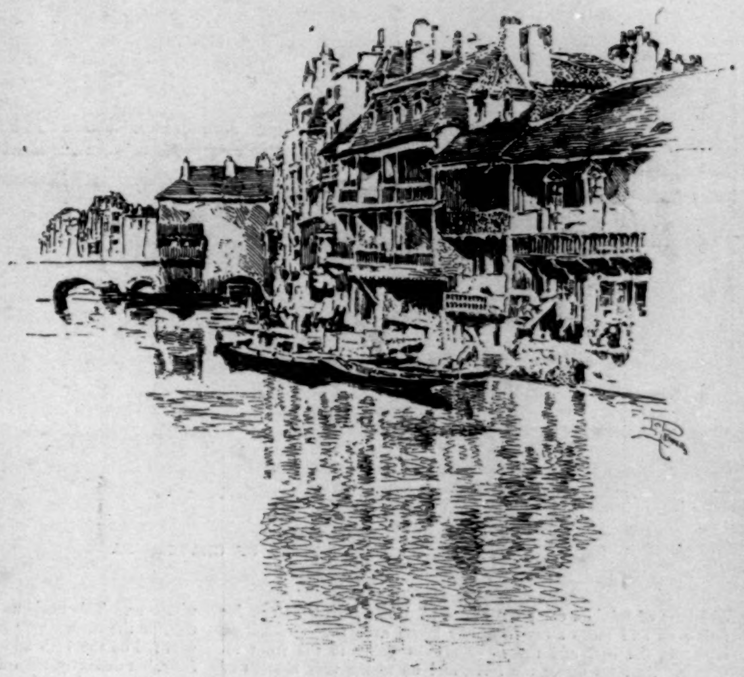
I HAVE always wanted to be something that I am not. My wants of this kind have been many and various, but the last was to become a war correspondent. When I was cabled to by Messrs. Harper to go at once in that capacity to the Franco-German frontier, I went. The one trouble was, the war did not turn up. Why I should be selected for this purpose I do not know, my only qualifications being a less than elementary knowledge of French, and an absolute ignorance both of the science of war and of German.

We should have started when the war excitement was at its height, before the German elections had quieted matters. But my colleague—which I believe is the correct term among war correspondents—had other fish to fry. He had just discovered that the ballet is a fine art; he was settling the Ambleside Railway Bill; he was sitting on John Bright—in fact he was discovering, settling, and arranging the affairs of nearly all Europe to his own satisfaction, and Boulanger and Bismarck and the war had to wait his convenience. Besides, I had to call at the American Legation and get a passport. I felt this to be necessary, because I had already been arrested three times for not having one, and I had every expectation of being run in a fourth. It would have been very fine to have my name in big letters in all the gutters of London, coupled with the startling announcement, "Arrest of our Special Correspondent." This seemed likely, as the principal advice given us most freely by every one, including the Legation, was that we were "big fools" to go. I might as well say here that the other "big fool," otherwise my colleague, was on the editorial staff of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and who, "for obvious reasons," I shall call Mr. Henry Norman. But fine as it would have been, we thought it just as well to have some means of getting out of the French prisons into which we had already been consigned. In addition to the passports, we were both of us furnished with letters to people in authority in France and Germany.

As there are no railroads in a great part of the country through which we meant to travel, we had to have some means of conveyance of our own. My colleague suggested horses. This would have been commonplace, to say nothing of the fact that I have never been on a horse in my life. As he admitted that he had ridden a bicycle, we very secretly, as we knew all our friends would laugh at such a proceeding, obtained a couple of Humber Safeties.

At a quarter past nine on Tuesday, the 1st of March, I turned up at Charing Cross Station, London. At twenty minutes past, the two bicycles arrived, and were kept at a respectful distance in hopes that nobody would connect them with me. At half past, my colleague's secretary wildly rushed up, and we mutually asked each other where he was. At twenty-five minutes of ten, a gentleman who for all I know may be *Pelmelli* himself, as he bears that inscription on his cap, came in and asked in his turn where my colleague was, and looking sadly first at the bicycles and then at me, said, "Are those the instruments?" At twenty minutes to ten, just the time that the train should have started, appeared the colleague, burdened with tickets and bags. *Pelmelli* fell upon a dignified official in a high hat; several lesser officials fell upon us. My bags went one way, the machines another. The train that had just started stopped. I embraced somebody; I hope it was my wife. *Pelmelli* and the secretary vanished, I was thrust into a railway carriage, my colleague tumbled in after me, and off went the train. Five tickets came in at the window; *Pelmelli* and the secretary and the man who brought the bicycles appeared on the footboard, falling off one by one. The last thing I heard was, "I say, guv'nor, I brought them boycicles!" I now began to understand the real significance of being a war correspondent.

We were only beginning to get over the impression of this importance when we came to Boulogne, where we were informed that the train would start at once for Paris, and that our machines must be weighed and measured and valued—an operation that I knew from experience took an hour or two. But by the exercise of a little of that dignity which becomes a war correspondent, the bicycles were shoved into a baggage-car, and the train started.



A PICTURESQUE HOUSE AND GATEWAY IN VERDUN.

At the Paris station we were not allowed to touch the machines, they being in bond. Two porters who endeavored to take charge of them promptly fell over them, and were forced to carry them in their arms. We tried to get them out of the customs, but though we were shown in by an inferior, we were ordered out by a superior, officer, who wanted to know how we dared to enter. Finally everything was ready, and we were informed that we should have to pay a fabulous price. But we explained that we did not intend to take the bicycles now, as we were going out of France the next day. The gentleman in charge was very much disgusted. We must pay, no matter what any one else said. "*Parce que, la douane, c'est moi!*" When he found that we would not pay, he insisted that we must come down

AT THE FRONTIER.

in the morning, two or three little hours before the train started, because, "*messieurs, il y aura des formalités, des formalités!*" It is at such times that one wishes one had never seen a bicycle.

We at last escaped to a little hotel near the Rue de Rivoli, which for steepness of prices and excellence of service I have never seen equalled.

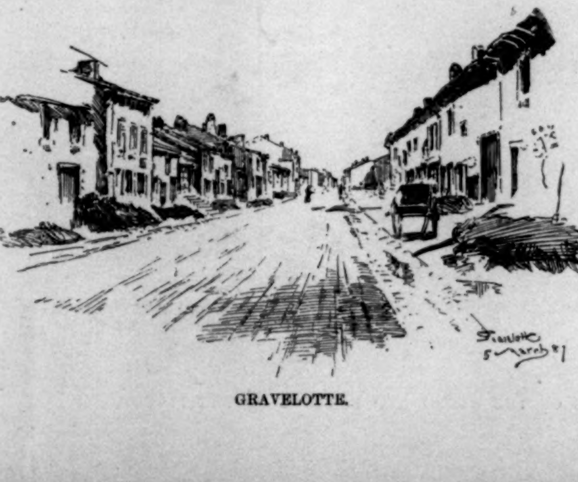
The next day we saw many people in authority, from General Boulanger down, who all told us that there were some places on the frontier which they could not prevent us from going to, but if they only could catch us!—and if they didn't, why, then, the Germans would; and as for permission to visit fortified places, *ma foi!*

The following morning we got off without any trouble, the *formalités* being disposed of in a few minutes instead of hours, the custom-house himself not appearing. We took an express train to Verdun, the largest and most important fortified post on our route to the frontier, our object being to see as much as we could of what was being done by the French in preparation for the expected war. As my colleague has already written, we caught sight of squads of conscripts, groups of cloaked officers inspecting them, and a squadron of cavalry practising its evolutions, before the train found its way through a series of earthworks and into the town, which is "the centre of a group of fortified points." Afraid to ride the machines, as we had never been on them, we walked from the station through the guarded gates of the town, expecting every minute to be challenged by the sentries; but they calmly ignored us to concentrate all their attention on the machines of a *nouveau système* of which they had never seen the like before.

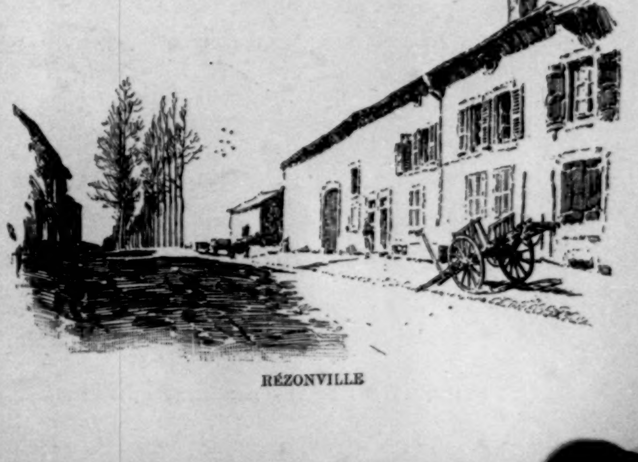
Later, when we went out to practise on the bicycles, even before we began to ride, I had seen the most picturesque old gateway and a Venetian or Dutch looking washing-place down by the river which I longed to sketch. I was sure, however, that if I attempted it I should most certainly find myself at once in prison. But I knew what to do. I simply went into the nearest stationer's, and found excellent photographs, not only of these places, but of the barracks as well, and for three francs I got all the information I wanted. Such are the laws of France!

As we both had had a good deal of experience on ordinary bicycles—though we at first frightened several estimable old ladies and horses and amused a large audience—at the end of half an hour we felt ourselves to a certain extent at home on the Safeties, and ready to start in the morning. It is true that my colleague's favorite method of dismounting was still to drop the handles, tumble one way, let the machine go the other, and then stand on top of it. But he was improving, and the machine was standing it well. We put up at one of the French commercial hotels, of the existence of which even my colleague knew nothing. At the *table d'hôte* we heard a good deal of the actual French feeling about the war. *Les Prussiens* and *les Allemands*, so the drummers told us, were buying wood, and, *ma foi*, we must buy wood too! New barracks were being built in the town, but they were not yet finished. Troops, as we could see for ourselves, were being drilled day and night.

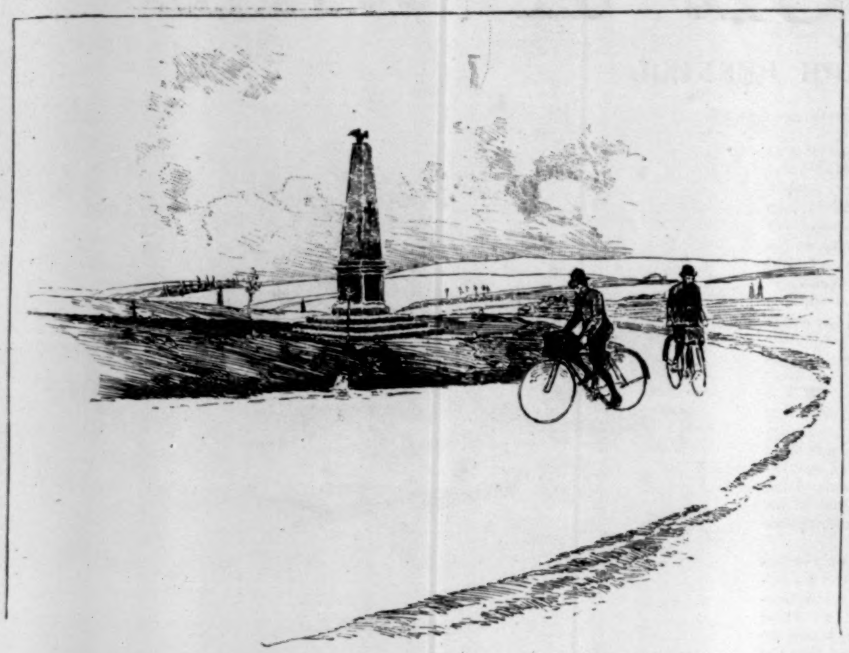
In the morning we wanted to have some of our traps sent by train to Metz. Then we understood the difficulty of sending anything over the frontier. It took two good hours of *formalités* to get a few old clothes and a couple of bags expressed into Germany, so that we lost the greater part of a beautiful spring morning. It would have been better for us to take the direct road to Conflans, Mars-la-Tour, and Gravelotte, but instead we went by way of Manheuilles. No sooner were we out of the town than the hills and mud and wind commenced. There was hill after hill, on the tops of which we sat in the sunshine, looking away over rolling and wooded country, almost every hill-top crowned with a fort, large or small, for defence. Here and there we saw a cannon peeping out, a bayonet glittering, a signal-flag flying. There were new earthworks too, great trenches dug across the fields for the discomfiture of infantry, and nasty barbed fences in front of little woods to break up cavalry regiments charging in that direction. Now and then we heard the sound of bugle calls, and once a whole



GRAVELOTTE.



RÉZONVILLE



MONUMENT ON THE FIELD OF GRAVELOTTE.

company of soldiers came out and drilled on a broad plateau far below us and miles away from any house save the *estaminet du régiment*, the *café* and the army always going to the front together. And yet under the forts, and up to the very mouths of the cannon, and the barbed fences, peasants were ploughing and preparing for the summer just as if Boulanger and Bismarck were not doing their best to glorify themselves by getting two great countries at each other's throats. A peasant who stopped to look at the machines said: "The war? Oh, nobody thinks of that just now. We have a great calm. We think of summer and the harvest."

Although we sat smoking on the grass and the birds were singing in the trees, not far off snow was lying on the ground and ponds were frozen over. It may seem impossible, but I can only ask people to believe that the road up here was simply perfect. As we rested we thought what an excellent thing it was that General Boulanger had ordered cycles to be introduced in the French army for orderlies and couriers. We felt very proud, too, of being the first people to have actually demonstrated the possibility of using them for this purpose. It seemed to us that this was one of the first occasions when cycles had been put to practical use. But we congratulated ourselves entirely too soon, for at the bottom of the great hills on which we had been we came into a sea of mud, through which we literally had to wade, dragging the machines after us, and now and then stopping to scrape off the mud when the wheels wouldn't turn. In one place my colleague asked a stone-breaker if they were making the road so bad in order that the Prussians shouldn't pass. The man did not seem to know whether we ought not to be arrested as suspicious characters immediately. When, after much pulling and complicated swearing, we got to the town of Manheuilles, we went into a dirty old *auberge*, where there was a wonderfully quaint staircase, and over a bottle of wine with a most indifferent landlord we had a consultation. Once he found that we wanted to get away by some means other than the cycles, he became interested, and when we had treated him to some of his own beer—one glass of which seemed to have the most demoralizing effect—he told us that he had a *small chariot* in which he would be happy to take us back to Étain, only a few miles from Verdun, as the road from Manheuilles to Gravelotte was all mud and quite as bad as those we had come over.

In his *chariot*, the machines tied up behind, we set out in a perfect deluge of mud, half-way up to the hubs. The landlord whipping his horse to a gallop, and calling it a *pig* and a *camel*, away we drove, up and especially down hill, shaving horses and people, he all the time wanting to take us somewhere else to see his *beau-frère*. In about two or three kilometres after turning off the *grande route*, the road became excellent, and we came full tilt into Étain, to discover after our driver had left us that he had retained my only trousers and my colleague's gloves as *pourboire*. In the hotel we turned up at dinner with the same commercials we had seen at Verdun, with whom we amicably ate frogs and *pâté de foie gras*—such things being but a small part of the regular fare at French commercials' *table d'hôte*—while they told stories of which my knowledge of French only helped me to lose the point. No one talked about the war, no one seemed to care about it, so there was nothing new for us to learn on the subject, excepting that there was just now *peu à faire* in the commercial or military world. In the *café* afterward we made the animals go round in the small menagerie which the landlord apparently was able to maintain out of the proceeds of his coffee-selling.

In the morning it was bright and beautiful, but we found that one of the machines had broken down. However, a clever blacksmith who had been in a cycle factory in Paris soon repaired it, and we rode over most perfect roads to Conflans, only stopping by the way to eat a lunch of an omelet of ten eggs and a bottle of Burgundy, for which the brother-in-law of the man who had appropriated my trousers charged us a franc and a half. We asked him what he thought of the prospect of a war. He said bah! he didn't expect one; but if it came, he had a *café*—and, he flattered himself, a good *café*—and war would make *commerce* for him. However, for all that, he hoped there would be none.

About here a new road was being built, and was consequently unridable. A horse could hardly have gone over it, for it was spread with loose stones several inches deep. We therefore did just what makes cycling tours so pleasant, put our machines in the train and went to Mars-la-Tour, where a very officious gendarme, and then the mayor, tried to make me talk German without any success whatever. This made us realize that we were well on the frontier. Outside the town a very striking monument to the French soldiers who fell on the 16th and 18th of August, 1870, looks not sorrowfully, but defiantly, toward Alsace and Lorraine. It was almost covered with wreaths and crosses, and with extremely French mottoes, such as "*Souvenir, Août*, 1870; *Espoir*, 18—"; which showed as strongly as anything could the actual feeling of a certain class of Frenchmen to-day. These emblems had been but recently put up. From Mars-la-Tour is a long rough climb up to a table-land; and here, to again quote my colleague, "is the line of demarcation which we have come to see, upon which the anxieties of Europe have lately been focussed, and which marks at once the peace of a few years ago and the probable occasion of the war of years to come." I suppose it was rather cheeky, but while my colleague interviewed a peasant in Germany, I, still in France, made a sketch of the post with the sign *Frontière* on one side of the road, and of the sort of barber's pole and stone marked *Frankreich* directly opposite on the other. This same peasant, who had been making long, winding furrows in the field when we hailed him, answered in broken German; but instantly turning to French, he said, "Yes, this is Germany; it was France"; but, as we could see, the sun shone as brightly on one side as on the other. The frontier divided his land, and he didn't know what he was, save a farmer. And as for Bismarck and the others, "What do I care for their frontier as long as they leave us in peace?"

GERMANS AND FRENCH PLAYING CARDS.

Very much the same sentiments I heard again from a Frenchman elected to a German office by his fellow-townsmen, also Frenchmen, though they live on German land, and who took the office because—well, a man has to live; but how could he, he asked, love the people who seventeen years ago had put a bullet in him?

A few minutes' riding brought us to Vionville, the German frontier station. No one attempted to stop us in the town. It is true, we went through as quickly and noiselessly as possible. We had no intention of leaving more money with the Germans if we could help it. We asked a peasant where the German custom-house was.

"It is behind you," said he.

"*Tant mieux*," said my friend, and we went faster than ever. Only for a few rods, however, for just in front of us a great brown-bearded figure, with a long pipe in his mouth and a gun over his shoulder, came out and stared at us.

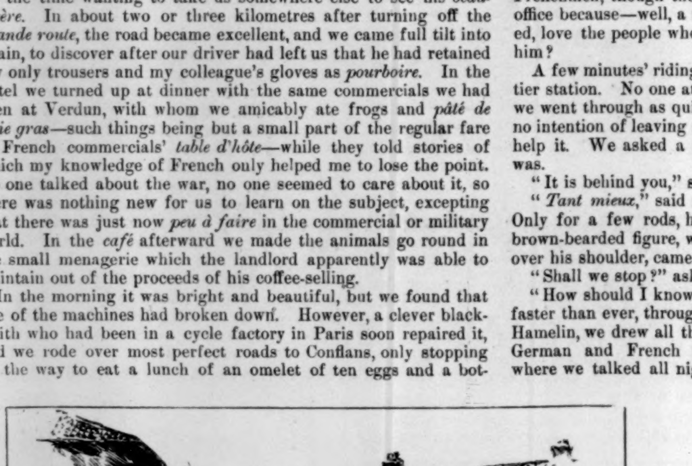
"Shall we stop?" asked my colleague.

"How should I know?" answered the German, and we rode on faster than ever, through Rézonville, where, like the Pied Piper of Hamelin, we drew all the children after us, by the great mass of German and French monuments and crosses, into Gravelotte, where we talked all night with the landlord, who had fought in the battle. As we sat in his *café* we noticed German gendarmes with French soldiers on leave, silent Germans with lively Frenchmen, all playing cards amicably together, while a fat bar-maid snored loudly at her post. Baedeker thinks this inn extravagant, but we did not find sixteen francs an exorbitant charge for two rooms, dinners, coffee, two bottles of wine, cigars at discretion, breakfast, three guide-books, and a long walk over the battle-field with the interesting landlord as guide.

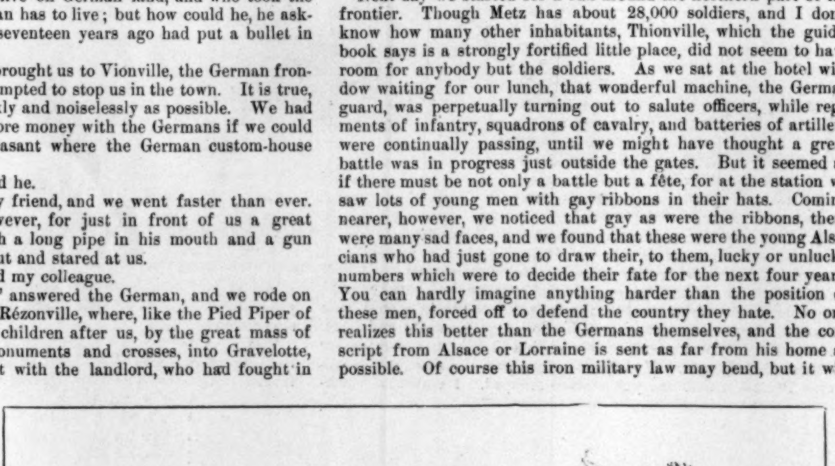
The next morning we coasted delightfully, with the wind behind us, down the long hill into the ravine of Gravelotte—with no mitrailleuse fire in our faces, however, as we climbed up the other side, realizing what a simply impossible task it was that Von Zastrow sent his Uhlans to accomplish. All that one sees here to-day are the obelisks that crown every hill and the crosses that stand out in the shadowy valley. The obelisks and tall monuments mark the place where officers fell for France or the father-land; but far more pathetic are the plain wooden crosses raised by regiments to their comrades who "remained," and of whom we only know that "*Hier ruhen in Gott* 583 *tapfere Krieger*"; or "*Dites à ma mère que je meurs en soldat et en chrétien. Marchez en avant!*" Under some great mounds French and Germans lie together, and the Frenchman, who is now called a German, guides his ploughshare among these islands of the dead. From the crops sown by Bismarck and Napoleon there has sprung up a harvest not only of never-dying hatred, but—where they were bloodiest—one of great plenty. From St.-Hubert and Point-du-Jour we saw what a wonderful battle-field this was; we could look from Mars-la-Tour on one side to Metz on the other, and from away off toward Sedan far up the Moselle. If one compares this field of action, where the whole country was under the eyes of the French forces, to that, for example, where the Battle of the Wilderness was fought, it is impossible to understand how they ever lost such an impregnable position.

After Point-du-Jour I must admit that our interest in battle-fields grew less as the descent grew steeper, and we coasted down past German lines of defence, into Moulin, and on into the city of Metz, being looked at suspiciously by the guards, who did not know whether to challenge us, though they stopped every one with bag or bundle at the gates; and then, walking, we crossed the *Platz* of the Cathedral, where every French name has become German, and where, to the music of a military band, officers were coming and going, looking for all the world as if they had just stepped out of the pages of the *Fliegende Blätter*. Later, the same afternoon, we went to the esplanade, where Germans and their wives walked on one side, Frenchmen on the other, the only point on which they agreed being to regard my knee-breeches with a, to me, painful amount of interest.

Next day we started for a run around the northern part of the frontier. Though Metz has about 28,000 soldiers, and I don't know how many other inhabitants, Thionville, which the guide-book says is a strongly fortified little place, did not seem to have room for anybody but the soldiers. As we sat at the hotel window waiting for our lunch, that wonderful machine, the German guard, was perpetually turning out to salute officers, while regiments of infantry, squadrons of cavalry, and batteries of artillery were continually passing, until we might have thought a great battle was in progress just outside the gates. But it seemed as if there must be not only a battle but a fête, for at the station we saw lots of young men with gay ribbons in their hats. Coming nearer, however, we noticed that gay as were the ribbons, there were many sad faces, and we found that these were the young Alsacians who had just gone to draw their, to them, lucky or unlucky numbers which were to decide their fate for the next four years. You can hardly imagine anything harder than the position of these men, forced off to defend the country they hate. No one realizes this better than the Germans themselves, and the conscript from Alsace or Lorraine is sent as far from his home as possible. Of course this iron military law may bend, but it will



HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE KAISER AT GRAVELOTTE.



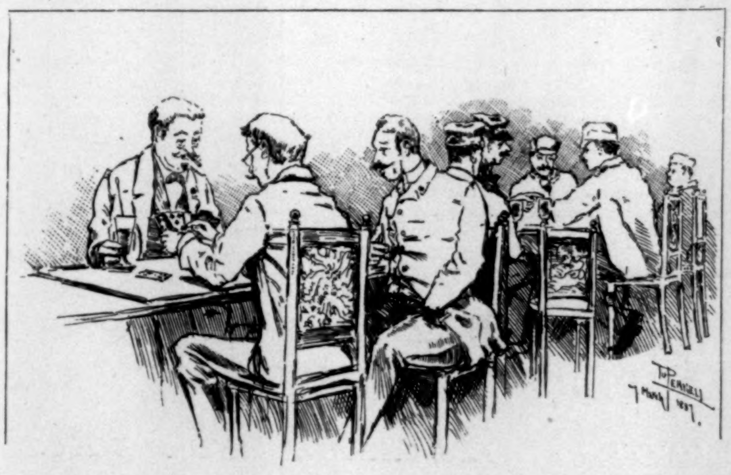
FURROWS OF THE SWORD AND FURROWS OF THE PLOUGH.

not break, the French people. From Thionville we went to Bettemburg, in the Grand-Duchy of Luxemburg, which, being neutral ground, is simply of no importance one way or the other, excepting in case of war, when every one will look to see which side will be able to throw its troops through it the sooner. Then we rode to Esch-sur-l'Alzette, and were back again in Germany. Outside of the town we saw hay-wagons filled with conscripts, and though there was much music from a couple of trombones, it did not cheer two or three poor fellows walking behind the wagons, and who were fairly crying. When we came out a little farther down in the town of Aumetz, and stopped in an *estaminet* to drink some sour white vinegar, we met another batch of conscripts, all of whom had drawn unlucky numbers, and were drowning their cares in bad wine and *Ça ira*. Fancy what we should have thought of Federal soldiers going to the front singing, "Away down South in Dixey"! After Esch we bobbed about from Luxemburg into Belgium, from Belgium into France, from France into Germany, back again into France for a cup of coffee, and finally we coasted down almost into Thionville over a wonderfully good road for twenty-five kilometres, and thence once more to Metz, through the streets of which we rode along, our ulsters almost sweeping the ground, looking, in the electric-light, like little tin gods on wheels, or, as some people might say, cads on casters. During this long day the only other signs of war preparations that we saw were the never-ending lines of big men, with big pipes and long guns, who were always solemnly marching just inside the German frontier.

In Metz we heard that the hotels had been compelled by the German government to lay in corn and provisions for a possible two years' siege, and that many people were leaving the town and sending their effects away from the frontier. While we were there a lot of pipes bearing the great bugbear Boulanger's head were seized, but—and this was really *quelque chose de drôle*, as *Figaro* said—it was afterward discovered that all these pipes had been made in the father-land. Whenever we went out we could not fail to meet the German machine drilling, trying the new repeating rifle, marching with the solemnly absurd step in which every man lifts his foot at right angles and then lets it drop with a bang on the pavement, all in such delightful contrast to the free and easy drilling of the French. The second morning of our stay, there came the rumor of a dreadful panic in Nancy, everybody saying that the Emperor was dead, and that the Germans were going to occupy the city at once. And so the proper thing for us to do was to set out without delay for that place. We took the machines and started; but I have no hesitation in saying that we got no farther than Jouy-aux-Arches, where there was a charming landlord's daughter—an ideal "der Wirthin Töchterlein"—who declared that her father was French, her mother German, and she herself, though she had never been in France, French to the backbone. Prussian officers came to their house, and, of course, she had to be nice to them, but—bah!

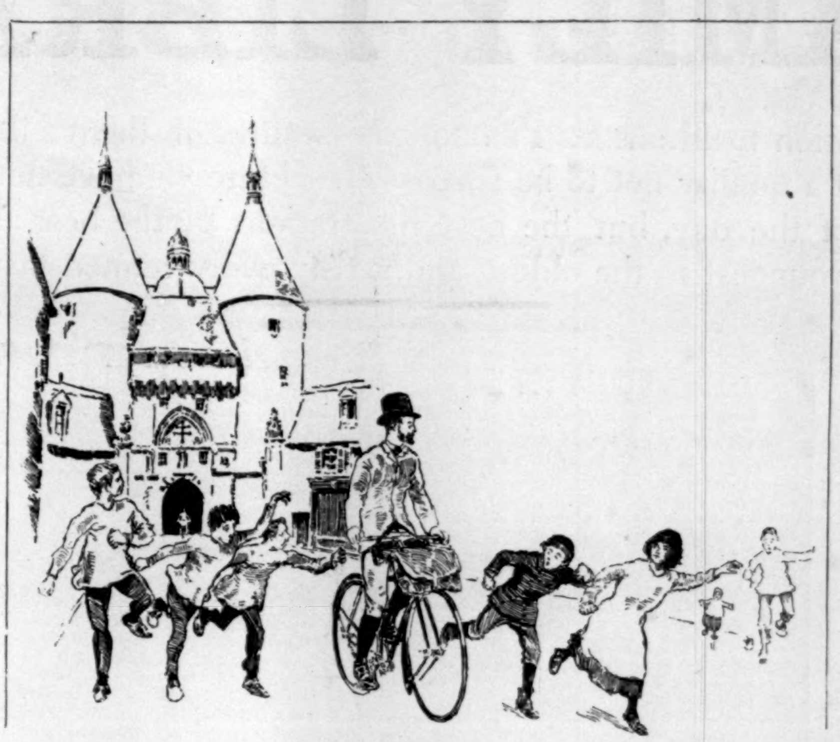
My companion seemed to be enjoying himself, but I was forced to fall back upon the Roman aqueduct, and I never could get into the proper state of mind to appreciate Roman remains.

We did eventually pedal on to Pont-à-Mousson, a most picturesque town, where we heard that the war scare had resolved itself into the fact that two regiments of hussars stationed here had received orders to hold themselves in readiness to march to the mysterious front at any moment. At present, however, the attention of the officers seemed to be concentrated upon the enjoyment of an excellent dinner which the landlady of the quaint old Hôtel de France had prepared for us, and upon their game of cards afterward in the *café*. All attempts to pump them were useless; they evidently looked upon us as suspicious characters. So indeed did everybody else, for I was getting desperate, and had begun to sketch. I was drawing away, before dinner, at a bridge where there was a picturesque old tower in the background, when a man came up and pretended to want to sell me something. Instead, he looked at my sketch-book, and asked if *Monsieur tire des plans du pont*. *Monsieur* at once burst into fluent lies, having told the truth on similar occasions and suffered for it, and affirmed that he was an architect drawing the plan of a church some distance away. But the next minute the sketch-book was put up, and *Monsieur* and the man had disappeared in opposite directions. I soon got lost, and was compelled to ask my way of a priest, and, thoughtlessly, forgot to raise my hat; at the same time a little boy passing also spoke to him, but not more respectfully. "*Mon petit*," said the priest before answering me, "*Est-ce comme ça qu'on salut le bon Dieu dans ce pays-ci?*" I immediately took the hint, but it struck me that I had learned one reason why the priest is not regarded as the *bon Dieu* of this country.



A SOCIALISTIC GATHERING.

We went to bed in a room like the second act of *Ruddigore*, surrounded by the ancestors of the family, all of whom seem to have been kings or generals, popes, or great ladies in short waists.



AT NANCY.

My colleague, in his striped pajamas, tried, *à la Ruddigore*, to induce one of the ladies to come down and dance a minuet with him, but she was obdurate. We were told, too, that no one less than kings and generals ever was allowed to sleep in this room. The Kaiser had used it during the war. We wondered if he got off as cheaply as we did, for we paid only two francs for it. We knew that he could not have had a better dinner.

Next morning we made the best of our way to Nancy, the sole incidents on the road being the desire of every dog we met to take a piece out of my black stockings, and a meeting with two French gendarmes—the only two, I think, we saw—patrolling the roads near the frontier. Certainly, after seeing both sides of the frontier, I must say that the French succeed in carrying out to perfection their idea of hiding their real force. When they come to display it the result will be interesting. At Nancy—a most charming provincial French city, where there is a very good picture-gallery, wonderful old gates, and a hotel, in which I had one of the best dinners I have ever eaten in France—absolutely nothing happened. We tried to talk to French officers, but they wouldn't talk. We asked at the *table d'hôte* if any one knew of a good commercial hotel in Strasburg. "No," said one man; "we never go there any more. It is German now. *Ça nous fait mal au cœur!*" More and more reckless, I sketched after dinner in the Café Stanislas, where there was a truly socialistic gathering. At one table were rough teamsters and carters drinking beer; at the next several decorated men sipping liqueur and playing cards. I was the only disturbing element, for when I began to sketch I broke up the party. One by one they got up and left, until I was reduced to the *garçon*.

We did see a good deal of drilling in the town, but it was nothing compared to that which we had seen in German cities. However, Nancy is some little distance from the frontier, to which we returned the next day by way of Lunéville, another picturesque town, with palace, garden, Champs Elysées of its own; in fact, like Nancy, a perfect little Paris. Then on to St. Dié, on the outskirts of the Vosges. I believe it is through the passes of the Vosges, above St. Dié, that the Germans are commonly supposed to be going to throw their forces in case of an invasion. It is true that troops did come through this very pass during the late war, the landlord at St. Dié telling us that 25,000 men marched by his house in an hour. Though the Germans may be very great on forced marching, I can scarcely credit this feat. Now that they have Metz and the whole frontier open to them on the other side of the Vosges, it is not probable that they would send the bulk of their army over difficult mountain passes. The people of St. Dié, although thoroughly French, have apparently never gotten over the invasion of the Germans, for at the *table d'hôte* we were given sauerkraut and snails, on both of which my colleague, who was supposed to be an invalid, thrived. We climbed up to the frontier station at Saales, where there were no visible preparations or officials except the old French customs-officer, who, when we showed him our French customs receipt, and asked to have the fifty francs duty returned, as we were leaving French territory, calmly read the paper from beginning to end, and said,

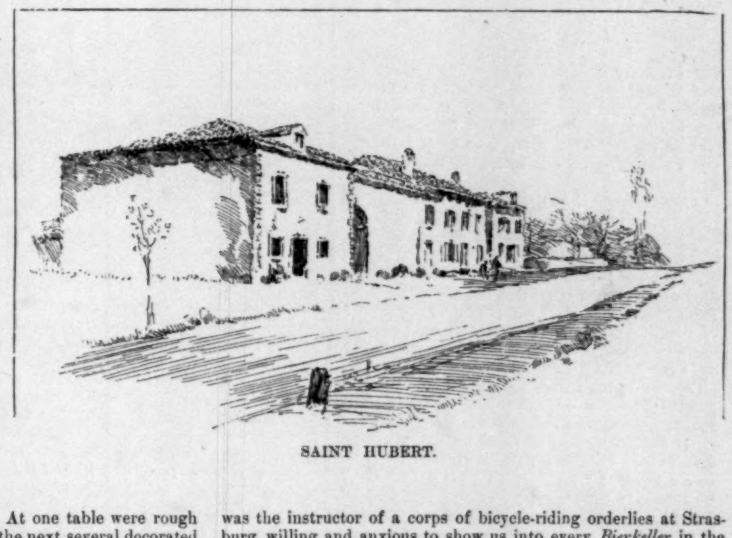
"*Messieurs, vous pouvez voyager librement!*"

When we told him that we had some slight desire to have our money back, he informed us that the office would not be open until two o'clock, that we could come then and he would see about it. There followed such a war as I am quite sure the inhabitants of that place had never seen before! Suffice it to say that I think in ten minutes that gentleman found there was a difference between attempting to detain two war correspondents, full of their newly acquired importance, for two hours on the edge of a pine forest in the Vosges, with a snow-storm coming up, and stopping a peasant and compelling him to spend two little hours in the not unpleasant *auberge* across the street where we had had our lunch. To cut a rather disagreeable affair short, I shall give only the last words of the *douanier* as we mutually asked each other's pardon:

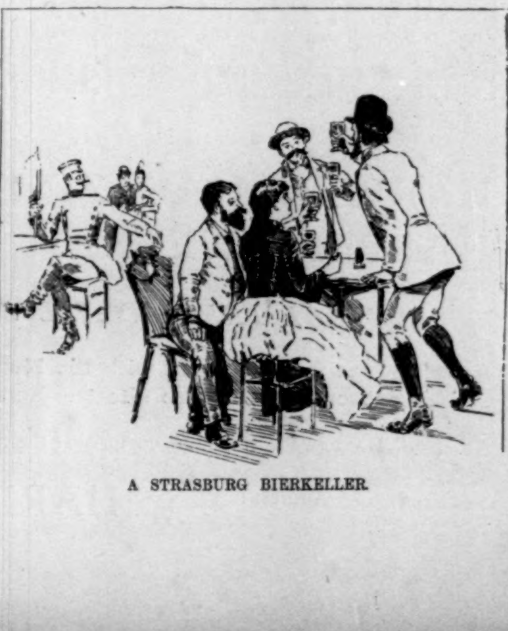
"Are all people in your country so impertinent to custom-house officers?"

He had his revenge. He compelled a poor guard to accompany us on foot six miles to the frontier. On the level I tried to take him up behind, and though perhaps on his return he may have gloried in the fact that he rode on the velocipede, I doubt if he added that we all three fell into the gutter. However, as it was uphill almost the whole distance, the guard, by making short-cuts, got to the frontier station as soon as we did. As he left us we came in sight of the two inevitable long-bearded, long-piped Germans sitting by the road-side and waiting for our coming into the father-land. As they said nothing to us, we went quickly by them, and numbers of others whom we met for miles beyond. Such is the difference between the protection of the two frontiers. We tore as fast as possible, with a snow-storm behind us, sixty kilometres downhill, first over melted snow and mud, and over splendid roads, into Strasburg, where I arrived in a rather battered condition.

We expected fully to go on the next morning to Bâle, but on awakening we found outside a snow-storm raging, and inside a lieutenant who belonged to the Strasburg Bicycle Club, and who was the instructor of a corps of bicycle-riding orderlies at Strasburg, willing and anxious to show us into every *Bierkeller* in the place, but silent as a sphinx on the subject of German fortifications and preparations. Though we spent the greater part of three days and nights in the company of this estimable young gentleman and his friends, both military and velocipedic, not one word could we learn from them of the coming war so much desired by a few leaders, so much dreaded by the mass of the people. We waited, hoping to go on to Bâle, but the snow was over a foot deep; there was no use for us to go by train, riding was impossible, and so we went back to London.



SAINT HUBERT.



A STRASBURG BIERKELLER.